

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August 1851. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC"—an incorporated company, in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Western Coast. The Directors for 1893 and 1894: Stephen S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, James L. Barker, Walter Frear.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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WHOLE No. 2165

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY 24, 1894.

VOL. XLII . . No. 4

SPOKES TO THE HUB.

A marked difference of opinion was expressed at Pilgrim Hall when the relation and importance of the Week of Prayer to the churches was considered. Rev. Smith Baker, recently from a Pacificward pastorate, questioned the value of its observance, and said that it was not divinely appointed; and no organization has a right to impose it upon the churches. (Of course, there is no such right and no such attempt.) He expressed opinions strongly inclined to sustain the charge by his wife's husband, "I am heretical on this subject." I guess you are, brother—who preach the doctrine of repentance. In reply it may be said: We live under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, whose promptings to good words and good deeds are more universal than ever before. What is more in harmony with the teachings of the Spirit in the authoritative Scriptures, and with his subsequent workings in the Christian Church, than continuous gatherings for earnest and united prayer that He will do his convincing and converting work, that the truth may be held to the mind, and the hard heart is fused—and disciples are multiplied? No wonder our churches are not blessed. Many of them, if not most of them, are not more than half-hearted in their response to the Week of Prayer. Men who profess to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness give but a scrap of time, if any, to the one Week of Prayer of the 52 of the year. They must attend to money-making or pleasure. God is not deceived nor mocked. Temporal prosperity does not spring out of the ground—uncultivated or unblest by a beneficent Providence. The Israelites could not trust God from day to day; yet the many do not profit by their experience. When a church will prove to itself and to God the faith and sincerity of pre-eminent desire for "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," the blessing will descend, and souls will be joyfully gathered to the peace and safety of the fold of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep, and has not lost his interest in the world for which he died. If the apostolic decade of prayer is not a sufficient time to bring in the evidence, let the number of days be increased. During this writing a notice has come to my door that a little M. E. church, Rev. W. B. Hollingshead pastor, in the suburbs, continues meetings through this week, also. The writer witnessed that precious fruit was being gathered there last week.

The present state of our own country—in which men are learning the uncertainty of earthly good, and character is being tested, and in some cases purified and ennobled—is not without the pale and purpose of God's Providence. He would teach all men the value of the true riches, and that he, their wise and compassionate Father, is cognizant of all their ways. The members of our churches should gird themselves for a great harvest.

When thou hast viewed the whitened field,
Burdened with its abundant yield,
Prepare the harvest blade to wield,
Go forth and reap!

When thou hast prayed and waited long,
For truth has suffered shame and wrong,
Take up the hopeful reaper's song,
Go forth and reap!

Our Sunday League, with whose conservatively radical President the writer is for the most part in sympathy, is just sending out a little ode as a simple contribution to religious rest-day sentiment, that the League desires to increase throughout the State. A mite of influence sufficiently multiplied becomes of apparent value.

Lords Day Greeting.

Mount of vision sacred, dear,
Thine is uplift peaceful clear;
Where the upper light hovers sway,
Resurrection's natal day
From thee benedictions fall,
Light and rest and hope for all,
Holy Sabbath, radiant sweet,
We thy sacred raptures greet;
Other days transfigured rise,
Near the radiance of thy skies.
Moses and our Lord agree
In communion sweet on thee.

Altitude divinely calm,
Restful, healing is thy balm.
Weary souls, heart-bruised and sad,
By thy cordial are made glad,
Cares and ills and fears resign
Near thy scepter all benign.

Estacies thy brow reveals;
Glories unbelief conceals;
Visions of the things to come
In our Heavenly Father's home.
Pearl of days, of peaceful worth,
Gem of a celestial birth.

Grand memorial of grace!
Love's redemption of our race,
When our risen Lord set free
Life and immortality.
Fellowship divine we seek,
Strength and cheer for all the week.

Hence, we view the whitened field,
And to love's constraining yield:
Listen to the world's deep sigh,
And the message from on high:
Scatter wide the healing leaves,
Bind with joy the precious sheaves.

Ring with joy! O Sabbath bells!
Sacred song with rapture swell;
Tuneless hearts the gladness share,
Upward rise in praise and prayer.
Music, by thy power divine,
Heaven in human hearts enshrine.

Sacred Mount, untarnished stand,
Beacon-altar of our land!
Service, rest and worship be
Thine inspiring ministry.
Olivet and Sinai speak
From thee, crown of all the week.

In response to this "Lord's Day Greeting," an earnest and eminent Christian worker, a few days ago, wrote to a member of the Executive Committee of the League: "Well and beautifully done. Sentiment is the sunshine of life, especially that generated in love of the divine; and you have certainly sent a beam of it to me this morning." It may be added that sentiment is a large and important element of religious life, a fact perhaps too little recognized.

Rev. L. B. Bates, a prominent Methodist clergyman of Boston in missionary work, referring recently to the multitude of clubs and social organizations, some in rivalry and some in antagonism to the Church, said he belongs to 137 different organizations, that he may gather the greater number to the Church, so pre-eminent in importance above them all.

The annual meeting of our Congregational Club will be held next Monday, when the annual election of officers occurs. The biographer will make his report, and Rev. C. P. Emerson of Honolulu will speak. The chagrin and disgust at the action of the Executive at Washington and his associates, seem to increase.

BOSTON, JAN. 18, 1894. BORAX.

THINGS AND THOUGHTS.

BY REV. DR. G. F. MAGOUN.

Those of us who knew your oldest Congregational minister during his twenty-two years of vigorous pastoring in our Dubuque church want to blend our congratulations with yours on his preaching an eighty-six years' anniversary sermon at Stockton. His service to our college, to the A. M. A. in Great Britain, to the New York Home Missionary Society as Secretary, and to churches at Homer, N. Y., and at Portland, Me., are among the good works of his long life. May it round out a hundred years! Our churches and our missions need, to-day—how much!—the solemn sense of eternity, the pressure of God's law on the conscience, and of Christ's gospel on the heart, the faithful reminders that this is the day of salvation, and our only opportunity, as prisoners of hope, to secure it; the casting of lost souls on the atonement of the Son alone, and the influence of the Spirit alone, which so strongly and usefully marked his evangelistic toil around the "joining borders" of Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin, half a century ago.

An excellent layman, once with us, passed away on Christmas day at Tacoma, the third to die of our large Grinnell colony in that city. Quiet personal worth and practical business capacity like those of the late Fitch B. Stacy, Esq., are as valuable in building up new States, like Washington, as enterprise and energy. And how society needs the sound and winning Bible instruction of his admirable wife, a true descendant of the "home missionary patriarch" of Maine, "Father Jotham Sewall!"

As a long-time contributor to our theological quarterly, *The Bibliotheca Sacra*, I welcome in its pages (January number, 1894) the able article of Rev. Edward D. Weage of National City, a former student here. It does honor to California and Iowa College as well as to himself. Not only are the Catholic missions in California well treated as to their own quality and history, but useful comparisons are made with Protestant missions, materials for which would hardly be supposed to be at the writer's hand.

The valuable and scholarly English monthly, *The Thinker*, which I have heretofore quoted, now drops the book notices, etc., taken over from the former *American Magazine* of *Christian Literature*, which is revived at New York in more popular guise. *The Thinker* has articles on Pessimism in the November and December numbers. They are French and English. Since the days of Schopenhauer and Stendhal the subject has been prominent among philosophers and theologians. My impression is that its being arrayed against philosophical optimism is due to utilitarianism. "Man is pessimist," wrote M. Vinet, "if Christianity be not. We say no longer with the optimist, All is well,

nor with the pessimist, All is ill; but we say, God reigns." Dr. Taylor taught us at New Haven, not that this is *per se* the best possible world (who has the data for proving that?), but that it cannot be shown that it is not the best, all things considered. This leaves us free to war upon slavery and the saloon, as ineradicably, irredeemably bad, and to maintain that existing error, immorality and false doctrine in every instance are bound to make the world worse, not better. God overrules evil for good, but in so doing brands it as evil, and commissions us to resist it to the last roll of the drum. Dr. Plummer (English), in the December *Thinker*, is surely right, that "a scheme of absolute optimism must always be more credible than a scheme of absolute pessimism." But this, notwithstanding, allows that neither is true, and that things do go wrong, betimes, very wrong, in both the world of belief and that of action. Still, no pessimist can show that mistake and suffering are unproductive of any good; or say that moral evil does not exist, as "Christian scientists," self-styled, assert that disease and pain do not. Whether, in any particular case, "whatever is, is right," or, true, must be decided by the definite essentials of the case, and not by any vague general proposition which the extreme optimist falls back upon. Otherwise, reform and improvement and progress have no meaning, and optimism vs. pessimism none; and good men and lovers of truth have nothing to do but to fold their hands and lie back, and let wrong-doing and wrong-teaching have their way in the world. It is on the very opposite ground that men become Christian reformers; but not on the opposite extreme, with which I am so out of sympathy that I never take down Hartmann or Schopenhauer from my shelves in order to find the truth on the subject. Not them!

Other interesting topics in the *Thinker* are "The Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and Its Teaching as to Atonement." Several critics—Delitzsch among them—hold that the keynote and doctrine are Paul's, but that probably Luke ("whose Greek in the Acts is much like that of this epistle") was his amanuensis. There are those who think, with the North African Church, that Barnabas performed this service; others unite in it Barnabas and Luke. The tendency is to place Hebrews, on both historic and doctrinal grounds, between Paul's earlier and his later writings, and date it at Cesarea. (That its theology is Pauline is recognized even by Prof. Everett [Unitarian] of Harvard, whose "Gospel of Paul" I have just studied.) In the *Thinker* for November Prof. Adeney of our New College, London, says there is more light on the atonement in it than anywhere else in the New Testament. He makes most of the personality of Christ—i. e., of the incarnation—and asserts that he is our representative, but not our substitute. By this he interprets the godward side of the propitiation, i. e., that God looks upon his Son on Calvary as suffering not in our stead, but in a weaker sense as somehow representing us—a priestly representative; and his sufferings of value in this character, not in that of a sacrificial offering. His obedience unto death as mere representative he makes the whole of his sacrifice—"a superhuman obedience in a human life, hence its supreme value" and its efficacy for our salvation. He makes this, through the "solidarity of humanity," the obedience of the race in him, which I confess I can no more understand than I can McLeod Campbell's idea of the "repentance of the race" offered to God by him. What repentance or obedience of Judas, and the crowd of men dying stubbornly impenitent before Judas and since, has there been for the Son to offer to the Father? How can he "cleanse the conscience" of men who will not return to God by him?

That no one may be surprised at this nullifying of Bible teaching over the sea, look at the attitude of one of our Associations—I do not say where—just reported to me, after hearing an essay on "Christ Dying for Our Sins." About one-third laid strong emphasis on some sort of substitutional efficacy in Christ's work; about a third recognized it as subordinate or incidental; and the rest seemed to repudiate it altogether. One of the last class said he had read Stevens' Pauline Theology (not Old School) and it was undeniable that Paul did believe in Christ's work as substitutional. Nevertheless, it is unphilosophical, immoral, incredible; and he was glad to turn from Paul's only half-corrected Judaism to Christ!

Professor Adeney (New Testament

and Ecclesiastical History) has an essay on "Faith and Criticism," in which he denies to the New Testament absolute authority as to doctrine and conduct any farther than its teachings are "self-evident" to our minds. This makes reason the ultimate and supreme authority as to truth even about God, and divinely given. It "can only be an inspired book to readers who are inspired." Alas, for us! "No external authority can possibly be absolute in regard to spiritual truth." This is the Lyman Abbott assertion, and excludes even God as "external" to us.

GRINNELL, JANUARY, 1894.

THE CHURCH AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

I was glad to see the editorial in THE PACIFIC of last week in reference to President Gates' article and the symposium in the *Northwest Congregationalist* on "The Church and the Kingdom of God." That was a most remarkable extravaganza by President Gates, the inspiration of which was, undoubtedly, Dr. Strong's "New Era." Not only did he deny that the kingdom of God is identical with the Church, but he would seem to think the Church is antagonistic with the kingdom. He said: "We have become so fixed in our ideas concerning the Church as an institution, that it sometimes seems that it might be a good thing if the Church could be completely turned about and turned over in regard to all its methods, in order that it might discover that itself, as an end, is of no consequence whatever. * * * It might be well for awhile to worship on Monday, and not do anything about 'the church' on Sunday. * * * Sometimes I wish we might stop preaching altogether in order that the people might no longer think that going to church and listening to sermons is serving the Lord. * * * It might be helpful occasionally to put into public worship, in place of the sermon, hearing and discussing and acting upon the reports and recommendations of committees, to which proper church 'service' has been given. * * * It is truth and soberness to say that the Protestant Church to-day stands in need of reformation about as much as the Roman Catholic Church did in the days of Luther." This strain will exactly suit skeptics and furnish ammunition for those who would be glad to destroy the divinely appointed institution of the church. How much wiser some modern reformers are than the inspired apostles who established the original churches!

Rev. Dr. Brown of our First church in San Francisco very sharply, in his letter, criticised President Gates, saying, among other things: "With all their failings, with all their struggles for existence, they are the churches of Christ still. Nor do I think we have reached the time when we are to stop trying to convert individual sinners, with the expectation that, by some new social scheme, we are to get everything and everybody converted into a kingdom of heaven at once. The thing won't work."

I confess I do not share the enthusiasm with which some are advocating the "institutional church," in the hope that, by various new devices, sinners will be drawn into the kingdom. An excellent editorial in a late *Advance* hits the nail on the head, under the title, "The Root of the Matter." "The very emphasis which we are now putting upon Christian sociology, upon charity and help for all men, should teach us the need of getting down to the bottom of the whole sinful trouble. The reform which men need is regeneration. Therefore, whatever may be said or done, let not the preacher of the gospel be swerved from the fundamental proposition that he is to preach to sinful men a great salvation through repentance, regeneration, and faith in a living Christ."

Is there not danger that, in undue absorption in the plans of institutionalism, there may be neglect to press the great doctrines of the gospel, as to sin, repentance, the atonement and faith. Ethics are well in due proportion; but remember that Dr. Chalmers testified that while, for twelve years, he urged upon men the beauty and claims of morality exclusively, he never knew a conversion; but after his own conversion, and he began preaching the doctrines of the cross, multitudes were brought to Christ.

STOCKTON.

There are 1,000 traveling theatrical companies in the United States, and the people pay them for forty weeks' performance per annum, \$112,000,000. Qui bono?

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The debate on the tariff bill is now in a very interesting stage—the proposal of amendments thereto—but as the final result, as far as the House of Representatives is concerned, is regarded by all as the same—the passing of the bill—Secretary Carlisle's letter to Senator Voorhees, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is attracting more attention from thoughtful people. His estimate that the deficiency will be in excess of \$78,000,000 at the close of the present fiscal year is a convincing argument that something should at once be done by Congress, and he suggests that the "something" be an amendment to the specie resumption act of 1875, providing for an issue of three per cent. bonds. There is much opposition in Congress to an issue of bonds, and Secretary Carlisle is not sanguine of the adoption of his suggestion, but he is fully determined that if Congress does not immediately provide for the necessities of the Treasury he will, under authority of the act of 1874, issue enough four per cent. bonds to meet the exigency. There is a feeling of relief, both in and out of Congress, at the present status of the Hawaiian question. Congress can now take its time to consider the matter, without being in fear of getting news by every mail that blood had been shed in the effort to restore the Queen. It is regarded as almost certain that Congress will declare in favor of non-interference.

There is scarcely a limit to the good that can be accomplished by one man of courage, particularly when that man occupies an official position. When the gamblers who had been driven out of New Jersey came here to carry on their nefarious calling under the name of horse-racing, the local authorities said they were powerless under the laws to prevent it, and the gambling was commenced without their raising any serious objection. The U. S. District Attorney Birney declared that he would stop it, and with the very laws that the local officials had said would not do it. The gamblers did not believe him, so they decided to go on. He promptly had them arrested and indicted. They employed the finest legal talent that money could get, and unfortunately it can always get the best, and attacked the validity of the indictments in the courts. Yesterday the judge handed down his decision, declaring the indictments valid, and that betting on horse-racing was gambling. This decision practically drives these gamblers out of the District of Columbia, and, temporarily, at least, destroys the business of the pool-rooms in cities throughout the country based upon the races here, although the trials under those indictments will not take place for some weeks. This is a great triumph for moral reform, although it is lessened somewhat by the fear that the gamblers may succeed in their threat of bringing political influence to bear upon the President for the removal of this courageous District Attorney, because of his having dared to antagonize them.

The greatest public interest is being manifested in the coming series of Moody and Sankey meetings. Many prominent people, among them Vice-President Stevenson, are personally taking part in the preliminary arrangements for them. The first public rehearsal of the grand chorus of 1,500 voices that is to lead the singing, was held this week. Interest is added to these meetings by the fact that they will be the last conducted in America by Mr. Moody for some time, as at their close he goes to London, upon the invitation of English clergymen, including 183 of the Established Church, for a prolonged stay.

The Christian Endeavorers of this District are all busy preparing for their second annual convention, which is to be held on Friday and Saturday of this week; but they are not neglecting their work towards the selection of Washington as the meeting-place of the international gathering of 1896.

It is not often that a minister delivers the same sermon twice in one day in the same city, but Bishop Paret of the P. E. Church did it last Sunday. This sermon was a powerful arraignment of the efforts that are now being made to have public money appropriated to sectarian schools, and it lost none of its effect from being delivered by a Bishop of a Church which believes in, and maintains to a considerable extent, parochial schools of its own, but does not seek public funds to do it with. The Bishop's text was Matt. xxii: 21—"Render therefore unto Caesar the

things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 17, 1894.

FROM NEW YORK.

BY L. H. COBB, D.D.

Readers of THE PACIFIC are always interested in the work of our missionary societies, particularly those that have work within their own limits. Among these, certainly, the Congregational Church Building Society will be cheerfully accorded an important place. Having aided in the erection of 3 houses of worship in Arizona to the amount of \$3,575; 109 churches in California to the amount of \$81,360.29, and 19 parsonages to the amount of \$5,472; having twice aided the church at Reno, Nevada to the amount of \$3,247.55 in all, and in the building of its parsonage to the amount of \$300; having aided 60 churches in the State of Washington to the amount of \$53,844, and 18 parsonages to the amount of \$7,050, 34 churches in Oregon to the amount of \$23,210.30 and 14 parsonages to the amount of \$4,795—it would seem that there were vested rights in the large territory covered by the field in which THE PACIFIC does its vigorous work. This makes a total of \$165,237.14 that have been put into 208 churches in the States above named, and a total of \$17,617 that has been put into 52 parsonages.

During the last year these same States contributed as follows: 2 churches in Arizona, \$259.80; 48 churches in California, \$1,049.59, besides what has been contributed as special to Mayflower; 1 church in Nevada, \$12.30; 17 churches in Oregon, \$675.32 churches in Washington, \$246.58. In addition to this, California has sent \$762 on parsonage account, Oregon has sent \$203.50 on parsonage account, and Washington \$391. The churches in these States that have not taken part in this goodly work of the year, we are sure, will be stimulated to take their place in the ranks of givers during 1894, which from the present outlook bids fair to be one of the hardest years ever experienced in this country.

A large number of churches have been waiting for the Society's treasury to fill up, some of them since last July, and others scattered all along through the months since. At the first meeting of the year 1894 the Board of Trustees of this Society voted away \$12,000 to 17 churches, one of which was the Mayflower in California, besides \$1,800 to 6 parsonages. Notwithstanding this good beginning, 35 churches have sent applications calling for some \$23,000 more, which the Society will be delighted to consider just as soon as there are funds in hand making it safe to do so.

The annual meeting of the Society was held Jan. 11th. It was a great joy to those present that Dr. Taylor was able to preside. It was also a source of great joy that the total receipts of the year from the gifts of churches and individuals, loans refunded, legacies, annuity trusts, interest, etc., were \$182,462.45; \$35,410 of this is in the form of an annuity trust, which cannot be available at present. It is a gift outright, but subject to the donor's order so far as net income is concerned. Strange as it may seem, more churches were aided in building houses of worship and parsonages than in any other one of the forty years of the Society's history. The total number of buildings was 198—144 churches and 54 parsonages.

The great lesson of God's providence for this hour for the members of all our churches seems very plainly to be this: Give to God, even in the midst of reduced receipts, so that the work of his kingdom shall not suffer. This lesson, as the record of the past year most clearly shows, multitudes have been faithfully studying and putting in practice. Unless this continues to be faithfully done, the work of our benevolent societies must suffer irreparable damage. Missionaries already located and doing excellent work must be cut short in their means of living, or retire altogether from their fields. Projects for building houses of prayer and homes for ministers, wisely begun, must be promptly abandoned, sometimes under the enforced exactions of the laws of the State in which they are situated, and sometimes to the entire financial ruin of individuals who have assumed obligations that cannot be met. From these calamities we are sure the Lord's good people will do their utmost to deliver those who are dependent on the benevolence of our churches for the continuance of their good work.

The Moody meetings at Providence are crowded day and night.

Home Missions.

PACIFIC GROVE, P. O. Box 202.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

[A true story, told by Mrs. Meade C. Williams.]

Sarah T. had once been a blue-eyed, straight-limbed baby, but a sad accident twisted and tortured the strong, straight limbs, and placed a burden of deformity to be carried to the grave on her shoulders. Into the dense shadows of those years she shall not look, for when I knew her she had left the shadows all behind, and with her face turned towards Him who beareth our infirmities she walked onward, right onward to the sun-rising which shall know no night.

Her friends fondly loved her, and of her most truly might it be said, "She hath done what she could." What could she do? She was not young, she was not strong, she was not rich. Yards and yards of filmy lace fell from those delicate fingers, and the money went just as swiftly to the contribution box. I have never known her to refuse to listen, and then to respond gladly, to an appeal of real worth and need. Her name was often first on the list of home and foreign contribution papers for special needs, besides her very large proportionate gifts in the regular channels.

When the rooms were to be furnished in McCormick's Seminary in the "day of small things," she was one of the first to propose our lending a hand in the good work of caring for the comfort of the young Timothies. A call came for aid in Perth Amboy. This, also, was years ago; and it was her nimble, though twisted fingers, that pierced the beautiful, dainty coverlet which proved a thing of joy to an aged saint.

There is a room in the Southland which bears her name, and I want those girls to know that the same grace which made her strong in spite of weakness is the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Appeals would come; her blue eyes would dilate like a child's for joy, and her "Oh yes, let us do it," would be an impetus all felt.

One bright October day, as we slowly drove through long avenues of crimson and golden maple trees, "solidified sunshine" indeed, I asked her how she managed always to have something for every one. She laughed her merry, almost girlish laugh. "Shall I tell you my way? Well, this is it. I put aside as a duty—for I, a free woman of Christ, must not be behind the children of Israel—I put aside a tenth of my income as soon as I receive it. I divide that into ten parts, giving the largest to foreign missions, next to home, and so on, not forgetting the Bible and Tract Societies. I have them all fixed in their own little boxes, in my treasure drawer, and, if I am called home to-night, you must see that the money goes where it belongs, won't you? That's not all, of course; I have my mercy-box on my table. Every time I get a kind letter, a bunch of pretty flowers, a book, every time the sermon is just for me, and that is nearly every Sunday, I put something in my mercy-box. It's running over all the time. I got that idea from a leaflet I read once, and then—here the pale, delicate face grew rosy, as if it were disclosing a heart secret—"there's my self-denial box."

Ah, here was the key of that mysterious, almost princely giving. I knew that very day a check for \$50 had been sent to her to purchase warm garments for our cold Illinois winter, and she had deliberately, joyfully sacrificed self—no, not sacrificed, for self had gone and the glowing flame of love was only the brighter for it. Love was the flame, self the fuel. The more she gave, the more her gift of giving increased. She had faith, and to that grace she added liberality, so proving her love to Christ by her love to his poor. Her love of Christ threw over her face a light that at times made it seem the face of an angel. My daughter, when but four years old, watching her one day, asked me "if Miss Sarah's wings would not soon be ready for flying to heaven," thus delicately alluding to her deformity. Wise little interpreter! How often the burdens of woe laid upon us to be borne to the grave are the making of the soul's wings to lift us toward Christ, always the tender burden-bearer!

When I was called on to gather the contents of the little boxes, tears fell on the money. The tired body was at rest, the beautiful soul had gone home. If a cup of cold water given be not forgotten there by Him whom her soul followed hard after, surely, she will be surprised at the ocean of fullness of joy which will be hers, for she did it unto his disciples, as herself one of the least.

After her death, words of mourning came from Alaska, from Indian agencies, from mission schools. Her thoughtfulness of others, her forgetfulness of self, her systematic giving—trifles were they? Life is made up of trifles, but life is no trifle. I had watched her for ten years, and grace for grace was added to her. She

was never visionary, mystical, introspective. A narrow life, I grant you, yet it was one the angels looked into, I think. A married life! Yes, like His face, more married than any! A lonely life? No, indeed. The little ones loved her. She seemed a little child set in their midst. The poor blessed her; even the drunkard confessed the power of her consecrated life. She never gloried in her spiritual attainments. She never made an audible prayer that I heard, yet her life was both a doxology and a benediction. She exemplified systematic, proportionate giving, and yet indulged in the luxury of emotional giving, too.

What do you think of one woman's way?—From the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest.

UNWELCOME PRAISE.

A few days ago, one of the opposite sex informed me that he considered "the worst woman better than the best man; that likely I never associated with any man who was really my equal." Did I feel at all flattered? Have I ceased to look upon the masculine guides and teachers of my youth with reverence? By no means. I looked upon that as I have done upon similar utterances for years, and paraphrased it after this fashion in my own mind: "Dear madam, I have known you a long time. I believe you worthy of respect and confidence, and I know your standard of morals is strictly the one Christ taught; but permit me to say that it requires more self denial and moral backbone than I possess; so, my friend, to keep the world in form, retain your code for yourself, but allow me something less barren of self-indulgence, and in return I will render you and your sex all less homage and courtly reverence."

I take this to be about the gist of the matter. I have noticed that the man most remarkable among his associates for clean thought and clean speech, the man gifted with that large honesty that can make another's cause his own, the possessor of manly gentleness that always bears with the weak, the knight "without reproach or fear," is not prodigal of such speeches. The hero, who bears his lady's colors through struggle and toil to victory rejoices that her garments are unstained by the dust of the arena; but, when the conflict is over, and he stands before her, unarmed, he is conscious that, though the helmet be soiled and torn, it covered a head unslain; the gauntlet may be bruised, but it covers the hand of a warrior, not of a leper.

When God became incarnate, he took the form of a son, not a daughter, of man; was it only that he might more easily appear in public; or was it partly because he would teach us that heaven is a place for men as well as for women and angels? History does not teach us that moral principle is firmer in women than in men. The legends of many lands give no hint of any virtue absorbed by one sex. Through Holy Writ and gray tradition runs the story of women who were brave; of men who were gentle; of both who were tender and true.

Only this is the age of sentimentality, and there has arisen a cult that professes to worship at the shrine of feminine virtue and principle. Placing her on a pedestal, they bow before her, bringing offerings of all adoration and praise, but leaving her desolate, chilled, and alone, like the crest of a mountain veiled in eternal snow.

Come not near me with your empty professions, for "I fear you, Dr. Fell," and the reason I can tell. You believe that there is a right and a wrong, but you have looked on the upward path and found it hard, and you have turned aside to the valley of rest, leaving me to press onward, fainting and alone, stumbling with bruised feet, where, with your help, I could have walked so easily. You do not love evil; you gaze with pleasure on the good; so, bye-and-bye, when you have drunk of wine, and enjoyed the hazards of doubtful fortune, and glutted the spirit of revenge, and given loose rein to unholy ambition, you will seek the companionship of some sweet household saint, who has kept her body under, and passed her days with eyes turned toward the heavenly home. How does her fate differ from his who was chained a living man to a festering corpse?

He who truly fears God and reverences woman may not be gifted with fluent tongue, nor courtly grace, but he will seek to be so clothed in righteousness of life and thought that he may stand in the presence of both—the bright image of one, the perfect mate of the other. M. E. T. S.

"How shall we reach the masses?" exclaims the fervid orator. He does not tell us whom he means by the "masses." People are using that word somewhat indefinitely, meaning, perhaps, "the majority." Over one-fifth of our population are members of Protestant churches. Let every member get one other and that will make over two-fifths. This will be a majority of the adult population for the churches, for the children "make" over one-fifth themselves. That's the way to reach the "masses."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Men often perish while meditating the destruction of others.—Æsop.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

BROUSSA SCHOOL.

This building was built in 1880, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, towards which sum the Woman's Board of the Pacific paid five thousand, and for the current expenses of the school have contributed largely ever since. The site for the school was a large piece from a beautiful mulberry gar-



MISS JULIA RAPPLEYE.

den, very delightfully located. Miss Rappleye writes under date of November 19, 1880: "The building is almost ready for occupation. You will be proud of it. The site is superb, and the building no nicer than it should be on such a site, and built by California. It is a dignified, and still modest-looking, building. I am filled with joy and inspiration when I can run up a minute and take in the beautiful view from the windows, see the nice, large dormitories, and especially the nice school-room." To Miss



BROUSSA SCHOOL.

Rappleye, who was one of our first missionaries, the Broussa School owes its very existence. Miss Rappleye founded the school in 1876. It began with but few boarders, but many day scholars, some of them boys. The "new building," of which the picture is here given, was occupied early in 1881, from which time no more boys were admitted. There have been seven American teachers connected with the school, six Greek teachers, and five Armenian teachers, among whom Mrs. T. J. Baldwin has been for the longest time one of the faculty. Miss Phoebe Aull and Miss Griswold, sent out by the Woman's Board of Boston, are now in charge. They have three efficient assistants. During the last term there was an attendance of twenty-two boarders, fourteen Armenians and eight Greeks; there were besides Mr. Crawford's children, and a few other day pupils. The Greek ecclesiastics still do all they can to prevent children in that quarter from attending the school. The total number of pupils enrolled has been one hundred and ninety-six girls and thirty-five boys. The whole number of boarders has been one hundred and two: Greeks, forty-nine; Armenians, fifty-three. At different times in the history of the school classes have recited in four languages—Greek, Turkish, Armenian and French. There have been twenty teachers sent out from the school, of whom ten are now teaching; nineteen have married, some being the wives of preachers. Many have become church members, and have established Christian homes, to be found throughout Turkey. Still, as Mrs. Baldwin writes: "The people of that land do not prize a Christian education as they should; they have yet to be persuaded that it is a far better dowry for their daughters than silks and diamonds, or any amount of home-spun linen."

MRS. T. J. BALDWIN.

It is twenty-six years since Rev. Theodore A. Baldwin and wife went to Turkey. It is thirteen years since their appointment to Broussa, during eight years of which Mrs. Baldwin was connected with the Broussa Girls' High School, in which our Board has been interested since 1876. In 1887 Mrs. Baldwin removed to another part of the city, where her mission-

ary work became more purely evangelistic. A visit home of six months in 1888, after an absence of twelve years, was a means of renewed strength, so that, on her return, Mrs. Baldwin felt that she must respond to an earnest call for a school in that end of the town. Our Board, therefore, sent five hundred dollars toward the fitting up of a school-room in Broussa East. This school has passed its first year satisfactorily, about thirty pupils having been enrolled, all girls but one—a widow who has a strong desire "to learn to read the Bible and hymn-book for herself." One of the graduates of 1887 is Mrs. Baldwin's valued assistant in the school. The pupils are Armenians chiefly. Mrs. Baldwin is familiar with the three languages—Greek, Turkish, and Armenian. Her labors for the girls of Turkey have been manifold—in Broussa West, and now in Broussa East. Her letters for these many years form a journal of missionary life in Turkey which is of the greatest interest.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

BY ALICE G. HOWARD.

A very small child stands upon the lawn, vigorously shaking a thistle-pod. The silken birds soar gracefully upward, then, spreading their plumes, disappear from view. The following spring, walking through far distant by-ways and hedges, we marvel at the growth of thistle which greets us everywhere: the result of the child's pastime. A schoolgirl playfully casts a handful of golden poppy seeds upon the breeze; the following spring we trace their course by the yellow flame in field and glade. In like manner, no human being can foretell the result of a little word, deed or thought. A deed once done, a word once spoken, starts an eternal concourse of results in motion. A thought, warmed in the brain, will produce a family of results; each in its turn to reproduce its kind. The

first impulse is but the breeze which wafts toward the harvest field. Simply a breeze; but the germ is thus given its place of growth. Only let the seed be from God, and the breeze may sing as it wafts; trusting the fruit, beauty and fragrance to the power of the Almighty. If the seed be not from God, well may the breeze moan and wail. Little things are full of power for good or evil. Eternity is walled with little things! Let us beware!

Lord, from thy store of bread give me a crumb; May I so use it that it may become Food for my soul; and, to the needy, light;



MRS. T. J. BALDWIN.

Drink to the thirsty; to the blind ones, sight. From thine own hand, O Lord, give it to me; Keep me so near that thy sweet face I'll see; Breathe into it a wondrous power of love. For thine own glory, Lord, here as above.

Master, my basket bring I unto thee— Empty of self, in deep humility; No laurel crown entreat I at thy hand— Just daily strength to follow thy command. Fill it, dear Lord, with little words and deeds (Not yet the "waving palms"), God's tiny seeds; Hide in each one the germ of life divine; Naught shall then "void return"—the Word is thine.

Steep mountain-sides and cliffs I cannot scale, Even in sunny fields my footsteps fail; Here in the valley, Lord, I sit and try To bring refreshment to the passers-by. Lord, may the sweeping winds that round me blow Cause thy dear cherished seeds to farther go. Sown on the breeze, the fruit I cannot see; Oh, garner, Lord—I sow them all for thee! BERKELEY, Cal.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE COUNTRY PLACES OF CALIFORNIA.—II.

[Read at the General Association by Rev. F. B. Perkins, and published by their request. The particular form of this discussion was hardly optional with the writer, having been determined by the request of the Provisional Committee, which emphasized the obstacles to an aggressive Christian work in our country places.]

But there is a brighter side to the religious aspect of our country places. There are helps as well as hindrances to aggressive Christian work, points of superiority as well as of inferiority. And these need to be emphasized as strongly as the disadvantages. That very sparseness of population—a. q., out of which grow so many of the disabilities already noted—is very far from being an unmixed evil. Street-cars may possibly be a means of grace to the pastor who finds himself deserted whenever the fancy takes his congregation to run after some specially attractive preacher, or an unusually interesting service. It may tend to develop some desirable traits of character, and become an aid to faith in training him to endure as seeing the things that are invisible, but it can hardly be said to help on the regular work of his parish. That isolation, also, which shuts off the country Christian from conventions, and lectures, and entertainments, and social gatherings, has its bright side. It keeps down that restlessness which is the bane of city churches, making quiet and effective work so difficult. There are not so many religious tramps and sponges in the country as in the city; not so many Athenians always agog to hear or to tell something. Country folk may be harder to bring under religious influences, but they are more easily held there by a minister who is also a nobleman of God. The distractions are fewer. Biblical instruction can be more regularly and systematically carried on.

Religion holds a relatively larger place in the life, and can be made a more controlling force in the molding of character. The family has a clearer field of operations, and can be more effectively used for Christian nurture and training. So, by a natural process, it may come about that these country homes shall prove fountains of prosperity, not only for their immediate neighborhood, but for the urban populations as well. The best material of our city churches, more often than not, is a direct contribution from the remote and apparently unfavored rural church. Years of quiet training are no less necessary to the highest efficiency in California than when John the Baptist and our blessed Master were prepared for their work "far from the maddening crowd," in the desert and the country village. These obscure surroundings still are the training schools of wise counselors, of large-minded philanthropists, of the men whose support is the guarantee and the success of any measure of reform.

Personal influence, again, which is relatively a so much larger factor in these scattered hamlets than in the centers of population—personal influence is as potent for as it is against a vital Christianity. Nowhere is genuine manliness and upright living surer of recognition; nowhere are neighbors more dependent upon each other; and so it follows that nowhere does kindly service open more doors of approach to human hearts, or more wisely reveal Jesus Christ to the souls that sorely need him.

If, then, an easy-going optimism is out of place as regards our country places, a gloomy, hopeless pessimism is as certainly uncalled for. The Church of Jesus Christ has a mission there. As a field of labor, it is no less important, and it is as hopeful as any other. There is power enough in Christ's body to transform every paradise lost into a paradise regained. And the victory, being possible, becomes also in the highest degree obligatory. There are, however, certain conditions which need to be insisted on. One is the absolute necessity of active, energetic labor. These regions cannot be left alone. The forces of worldliness will never change these spiritual wastes into a garden of the Lord. To neglect them is to give them over to death, with all which that implies for themselves and for the entire State. And again, the redeeming work cannot be carried on to success upon the present basis of operations. A new era of Christian life and labor is called for.

1. It needs, by way of preparation, a careful and courageous study of the situation, and that study demands, as a prime qualification, much secret converse with God; for to us, as to the Master, it is thus that revelations from the Father come. The soul which is to be made divinely wise, needs to lie open in His presence and responsive to His approach. So learning to look upon the world as He looks upon it, and with the blissful assurance of His pledged co-operation, one is prepared to go forward. Obstacles, in this light, will be recognized as things to be overcome, not as insurmountable barriers. And above every faithless fear will sound the Master's ringing call, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore."

2. Churches, when necessary, must be brought back to their divine ideal;

individual Christians to a realization that they are Christ's men, scouts and minute men hereabouts; churches to understand that they are Christ's body, and that the functions of a body pertain to them. They are to carry Christ about among men—to be head, hands, feet, mouth, everything, by which his presence and his saving power may be made more real. That is the function of the Church; not to serve as a moral police, a social club, or a lecture bureau. Its prosperity will hence be measured by its success in so witnessing for Jesus as to bring him and needy sinners into closest, loving union.

3. A renewed and definite consecration to this specific work is suggested as another condition of effectiveness—a pledge of loyal service in reclaiming these spiritual wastes and making them over into the garden of the Lord. They must not wait for the Church to be aroused, if by this is intended the entire membership. These awakened ones are themselves the Church, so far as the work to be done is concerned. One is the Church; two are the Church; any number, more or less, whose hearts beat in unison with the Redeemer in his yearning love; for the rest, they are the world to labor for and win, just like other sinners.

4. Christian fellowship is indicated as another condition of success. It can be spared, if fellowship with God is assiduously cultivated. Anything but God can be done without. But there is a loss involved in such a case. It is not the ideal. Man wants human fellowship—"fellowship with one another," as well as with God. And, therefore, by every practicable device a sympathetic bond must link together these toilers in the country field; and this, not only with their immediate companions, but with the larger communion of saints. Country ministers and country churches, then, ought, by strenuous effort, to maintain a Christian intercourse with their brethren and sisters of more populous regions. By heroic effort, if need be, their attendance at conventions and conferences and associational meetings must be kept up. And efforts no less strenuous, on the other side, are called for to justify these exertions—by warm and generous welcome, by fraternal recognition, by honors in public as well as in private, by interchange of work and office, and in every other way to show conclusively that the equality and brotherhood professed is not limited to profession.

5. In this work of spiritual renovation, moreover, such as aggressive Christianity necessarily implies, the first place both in importance and in fact must be given to individual regeneration and conversion. The souls to be helped are lost souls. The new birth and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ are hence the fundamental and essential need.

6. Next will come the public enrollment as followers and servants of the Lord Jesus. To anticipate the radical change of conversion, to allow sectarian zeal, or personal pride, or other similar motive, to bring in un-renewed souls to church membership, is a fatal mistake only too frequently illustrated.

7. Along with this, and no whit less important, will be the preparation of a winsome home for these new-born souls. By simple, manly uprightness, by unaffected cordiality and kindness, by fervent charity within and without, by Christian independence and business methods of administration, by attractive forms of worship and social prayer, by a generous outlook upon society, interest in whatever tends to its betterment, and co-operation in all honest endeavors to promote good fellowship and healthful recreations; by measures such as these must the Church be made an attractive home for God's sin-burdened children. And thus society is to be reorganized around the Church as a center.

8. An improved family, as well as church and social life, is also called for in the furtherance of an aggressive Christian work; a more intelligent and thorough study of the Scriptures, and active interest in missionary operations throughout the world.

9. There are still the districts lying round about the two-mile limit of the country church to be provided for. And for these some measure of church extension similar to that already in successful operation by the church at Redwood would seem to be indicated as wise and necessary. Much may be effected, also, both directly and indirectly, by the yoking together of two or more contiguous churches. Wisely planned and energetically pressed by consecrated men and women, a vast extension of gospel influences into the surrounding territory might be secured.

10. But the problem of our country places can not be fully solved until the regions lying beyond the practical reach of these individual churches are reached. For these, as well as for the more accessible communities, judicious evangelists are needed; men who—like him whose brief work in Trinity county has been so fruitful, or like our good Brother Meserve, with gospel wagon to serve as meeting-house and parsonage combined; or like the Salvation Army, with its chariot and boat

—shall push their way out into the wilderness until every child of God is brought within hearing of the glorious gospel message.

Christianity and our country places! It is an impressive theme of mingled light and shade, suggestive of perils and of promises alike, forbidding fear and stirring up to immediate and divinely guided action. The work to be accomplished lies beyond the range of any single agency. Its successful prosecution demands not only the concentration of all available forces, but also the recognition of its connection with city evangelization. The two must go forward together as parts of one whole. The streams of Christian influence which flow toward the centers of population must run side by side with those which pour thence along all the highways of travel. Then only will our cities cease to be a menace to society. Then will the streams which flow down these hills and across these plains carry, in their course, the elements of a strong and generous manhood. Then, too, will the cities, responding to their new life, take up and organize the forces of a better civilization—a golden state, indeed, a commonwealth of freemen, and the name of it shall be, "The Lord is There."

Miscellany.

An Every-Day Tragedy.

He sat in honor's seat,
And rapturous ladies gazed into his eyes,
She stood without, beneath the wintry skies,
In snow and sleet.

He spoke of faith's decay;
The ladies sighed because he spoke so true.
She hid her face in hands frost-numbed and blue,
But dared not pray.

In church, in court, and street,
Men bowed and ladies smiled where'er he went.
She stole through life, by shame and hunger bent,
With bleeding feet.

Upon his wedding-day
She stood, with burning eyes that fain would weep,
And heard the dancer's tread, the music's sweep,
Sound far away.

The bride so pure and true
He took unto himself in haughty mood;
And all the paltry world applauding stood,
Though well it knew;

The while in frost and snow
Half-clad she stood, upon whose maiden breast
He pledged his faith, for love's supremest test,
In joy and woe.

—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

ADVERTISING IN ENGLAND.

A writer in the Contributors' Club, in the January *Atlantic*, bewails the growth of the advertising habit on English railway stations and omnibuses:

We had reserved England for the final part of our fifteen months' stay in Europe, and we had expected that there the charm which one looks for in the Old World would reach its greatest height. England, as I had known it ten years before, had filled me with an acuter enjoyment that I had experienced in any other country of Europe. But the England of today is not the England of ten years ago. The England of today furnishes one impression which is deeper than any other, which penetrates and pervades and almost obliterates every other, and that is the impression of the ubiquitous advertisement. There is not a railway station in the whole country in which it is possible to make out the name of the station as the train draws in: far and wide, high and low, every available inch of space is covered with the monotonous announcement that Venus soap saves rubbing, that Pears' soap is matchless for the complexion, and that a thousand other things are indispensable to the comfort or the happiness of the traveler. Especially is this the case in the stations of the Underground Railway in London. As there is no guard, and as the name of the station is absolutely undiscoverable amid the sea of advertisements, one's place of alighting becomes a pure matter of chance, unless one's fellow-travelers are polite enough to come to the rescue.

London is an imposing city. The streets contain vehicles of two sorts only, the hansom cab, which is always handsome and highly polished, and goes at a very rapid pace, and the omnibus. The omnibus is smaller than with us, less lumbering, more lively, and it would be a pleasing object if it were not that it is one moving mass of advertisements. Everybody who is not old or infirm sits on top, as long as there are places to be had; and to see the nicest-looking people walled in with announcements, in enormous letters in bright yellow and red and blue of "Colman's Mustard," "Custard Powder Saves Eggs," "Hudson's Soap, Less Labor, Greater Comfort," strikes the traveler who is not accustomed to it as so strange that he can hardly believe he is not in the clutches of a bad nightmare. But when it comes to Oxford, the high street of which is lined with the most beautiful college buildings to be found in England, the street in which one has always been told the poetic charm of the old world reaches its highest point—when one sees this street invaded by an enormous horsecar with its high top well emblazoned with "Happy Thought, Use Sunlight Soap," and all the other familiar devices, then one's feelings become far

too deep for words. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that England has of late years been turned into the home of Colman's mustard. It is, in fact, quite impossible to estimate the loss to the traveling American occasioned by seeing the loveliest country on the globe desecrated through and through by this absorbing passion for advertising. In one respect, we hasten to admit, a lower depth has been reached in America; thanks, it may be, to a more jealous property in land in England, the landscape itself is not so basely treated as with us; but, after all, mammoth advertisement in fields which are anyway without beauty is a far different thing from the absolute destruction of a species of loveliness which has no rival in the world. This is a feature of English scenery which travelers have seldom dwelt upon, and hence the surprise and shock with which one discovers it are so much the more painful. If it is an element of the so-called Americanization of England, it shows, I fear, that England is destined to out-American America in sacrificing every atom of the charm which once made life worth living to the conscienceless struggles of modern competition.

THE ENGINEER'S DAY.

Where there are no regular runs, and the men run "first in, first out," it is almost impossible to always have just work enough to go round. The men are as much to blame as the management for the overwork of engineers. They are paid on these mountain roads four dollars per day. Days are not measured by hours, but by miles. Forty-four mountain or eighty-five valley miles is a day's work. On passenger service one hundred and five valley miles is a day's work. The point between valley and mountain mileage is passed when the grade exceeds two hundred feet to the mile. Men have made sixty days in a month on these mountains, and they have earned the two hundred and forty dollars, but they should not have been allowed to do it.

One young man, Hyatt by name, used to threaten to put himself into a receiver's hands when he made less than forty days a month. Fifty days was fair business, but sixty suited him better. He kept it up for three years, collapsed, and had to be hurried out of the country. I don't know that he ever wholly recovered. He was a fine fellow physically, sober and strong, or he would have collapsed sooner. I am afraid the older engineers are a little selfish. When the management proposes to employ more men, or promote some fireman, there is usually a protest from the older runners.—*McClure's*.

NOTHING TO FEAR FOR CHRISTIANITY.

There are here and there so-called "new religious systems" being developed, and even organizations formed, in view of which some are despondent as to the future of our evangelical faith. Spiritualism, "Christian Science," and the like, are specimens. I have no fear about the issue, although troubled over those who are fascinated by these plausible substitutes for the religion of the Bible. Time was when atheism and infidelity stood boldly in front of advancing truth, and tried to throw it back. The prince of this world is cunning enough to know that such policy is now practically useless. He does not assail religion as in other days, but tries to get worthless substitutes for it. The train could not be met and stopped, but ingenuity may put down some new rails and get it off the track. But these revivals of old human speculations will have their day, and disappear. This will be not from the inherent energy of the Church, but from the power of God, the Holy Spirit working through the truth; and it is not a hope built on the zeal, fidelity and consecration of our denominations, for we are far from being up to the standard fixed by the Church's Head, and are too much inclined to formalism and the teachings of worldly wisdom, but it is based on the infallible truth that "the Lord reigneth."—*McClure's Magazine*.

There were three disciples who were more highly favored than the others—Peter, James and John. Of these three John ranked first in the esteem of Jesus. He was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." He was a loving disciple. He loved Christ. We know that Jesus loved him. "Love begets love." Did Jesus love him? We cannot doubt that that love was reciprocated. We have evidence of this in that he leaned on Jesus' bosom at supper. Had he not loved him he would not have come so near him; rather, he would have sought a place at a distance from him. John is our example in respect of love to Christ. There is no one so lovely as he. Well did the spouse say concerning him, "My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely." Our love to him should be supreme—greater than for father or mother, or husband or child. It should be constant; like the fire on God's altar, which should never be permitted to go out.

China's postal service is a private enterprise.

Maximus.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives,
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears the burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conquerer in his sight.

—Aldelaide Anne Proctor.

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, says a writer in the *New Haven Evening Register*. The infantry division, commanded by Major-General John B. Gordon of Georgia, was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the second corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by troops who for the first time found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the North, which until then had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flank rested in air, and, being turned, its line was badly broken, and, despite its bravely resolute defense against the well-ordered attack of the Confederate veterans, it was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double-quick to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front, from which the opposing party had retreated, when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed, from the motion of the eyes and lips, that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foe was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a near-by knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet-hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and as he revived said, bending over him:

"I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, General. I am Brigadier-General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing more for me; I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said, "Yes, you can; my wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause, General Barlow responded, "May God bless you. Only one thing more. Feel in the breast pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters." As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now please take out one and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble woman to her worthy husband, whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety, and commended him to the care of the God of battles. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said, "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments and scattered them on the field, "shot-down and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him good-bye, and, mounting his horse, quickly joined his command. He hastily penned a note on the pomel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living, though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's Headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff, and told him to place a white handkerchief on his sword and ride at gallop toward the enemy's line, and deliver the note

to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and, on being met by a Union officer, who advanced for that purpose, the note was received and read, with the assurance that it would be delivered instantly.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the Capitol at Washington, where, eleven years later, General Gordon held with honor, as now, a seat as Senator of the United States, and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in Congress from the State of New York. Upon Mr. Potter's introducing him to a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked, "Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was, "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succeeded me!"

The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add that on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, for the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband, and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance. Through her devoted ministrations, he was enabled to resume his command of the "Excelsior Brigade" and add to the reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.—*Guardian*.

HEAVEN BEGUN

It was said of an old Puritan that "heaven was in him before he was in heaven." That is necessary for all of us; we must have Heaven in us before we get into heaven. If we do not get to heaven before we die, we shall never get there afterward. An old Scotchman was asked whether he ever expected to go to heaven. "Why, man, I live there," was the quaint reply. Let us all live in those spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven. Often go there before you go to stay there. If you come down to-morrow morning knowing and realizing that heaven is yours, and that you will soon be there, those children will not worry you half so much. When you go out to your business or to your work, you will not be half so discontented when you know that this is not your rest, but you have a rest on the hills eternal, whither your heart has already gone, and that there your portion is in the everlasting dwellings. "Lay hold on eternal life." "Get hold of it now." It is a thing of the future, and it is a thing of the present; and even your part of it, which is future, can be, by faith, so realized and grasped as to be actually enjoyed while you are yet here.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Dr. Hamlin, the veteran missionary of Constantinople, says recently of his working in Turkey: "You take a poor, miserable beggar, as I have known some instances; a beggar who has become converted, and apply to him that iron system of tithing, which the Oriental world loves and always has loved, perhaps always will love, and make that beggar, as the one condition of enjoying the privileges of the gospel, give one-tenth of what he begs, and as much more as you can make him give, and in a short time he will not be a beggar; in a short time he will support himself, and in circumstances comparatively comfortable. Why, give a man something higher than himself to live for, and you immediately elevate him intellectually, even physically. You give him a better economy and more power to work; you give him more than intellectual power; you give him a spiritual power; and you invest him with the almighty Providence of God. You cannot keep the man down where he was; he will rise every way, and he will become a worker."—*Erie*.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Scoffers may deride the Salvation Army parades, but the sturdy blows of these valiant workers against the monster vice must be scored to their credit by all candid spectators. Faith, courage and sincerity do not lose their virtue because they go about attended by a brass band. No one who has watched a group of Salvation soldiers in the midst of an American crowd—the keenest, witziest, and most irreverent of crowds—can fail to have admired their unshrinking courage in the midst of a sneering and even menacing ring. It was impossible not to see at least a cartoon of the enthusiasm which made the first rude followers of the Galilean greater powers on earth than either the emperors or the legion of Rome.—*Boston Traveler*.

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PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

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Wednesday, January 24, 1894.

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN POSSESSION.

A famous booklet has gone round the world, entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." We have lately re-read an earlier booklet, which we wish might be issued in similar form and have an even wider currency; that is, "The First Epistle of St. John." The special point in it which would meet a want of our times is the remarkable doctrine of assurance concerning the eternal life. That indeed, the writer tells us, was his object in its composition. "These things have I written to you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

There is much reason to think that some of us who are believers do not act or feel as if we were in present possession, and knew it to be so. It can hardly be thought altogether strange that disciples should be somewhat reticent or hesitant, for they are conscious of imperfections and inconsistencies; and to claim it, might appear conceited or ostentatious. But if life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel, then is it not a greater evil to seem to discredit the very completeness of the work that the Redeemer came to do?

For we live in a time when, on the one hand, it is the fashion to be agnostic, and to say that the great religious realities are unknown; or, on the other, to introduce some new or old speculation, such as spiritualism, theosophy, or numerless other fads of the hour—are not these notions spreading, partly, because Christians have taken on a tone of timidity in their personal experience? When we hear that men who are in doubt wish they were not, it is hardly opportune for us to appear as if we had not over much certainty ourselves. Souls all about us are in sorrow because they have no hope. It were so suitable for those who know that the Eternal Life himself has been manifested to declare that vast and blessed fact with abounding confidence!

Besides, just now our current thought is showing such liberal hospitality to the various religions that lately sent their representatives to Chicago that it would be an apt coincidence to utter aloud the distinguishing assurance of the Christian world. Let one read the essays and oracles that have gone to print in the two solid volumes of the Parliament book, and he will hardly find there any evidence that those Eastern faiths have so much as heard that there is any satisfying personal immortality. It is for the Christians to repeat in the ears of the nations the saying of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life"; "No other religion has any Easter morning."

This expression of the eternal life as a present possession is sorely needed, too, among those classes who are continually said to be alienated from the current church life. They are, it is claimed, out of sympathy with the old picture of the happier adjustment of society beyond death, and want the equitable and happy social conditions right here and now. But what is the eternal life that John sets before us but a life of righteousness and love, which sees the brother in need and does not shut the bowels of compassion against him? The New Testament does not lay all its emphasis on the other world. It solemnly, carefully and minutely enforces the duties that men owe to each other in the every-day relations. Nor does the fact that men are addressed as citizens of two worlds instead of one lessen at all the pressure the gospel brings to bear on the present obligations of men to one another. Does not Dives, the world over, need to have it said to him, Thy soul shall be required of thee beyond this world, as well as in this present one? Will an employer who has respect to the recompense of reward after death have less respect to the laws which a

well-regulated social state here may impose? Ah, we all, whether poor or rich, contented or discontented, need to construct our manner of character under the idea, stimulus and comfort of the eternal life! Of all the classes of our population, none more need this stimulus and comfort than those whose lot is daily and slightly remunerated toil. What lever is there that can lift the tone of justice and fraternity unless it be one that has the long reach and power of the eternal life?

REMEMBER THE SCHOOLS.

To-day is the day which has been observed through many years for special prayer for the institutions of learning in our country. Often in former days, it was accompanied and followed by marked spiritual changes in the lives of young men. Never was there a moment when the colleges of our land needed more than now the visit of power from on high. These institutions are full of students. The numbers run up into many thousands. Every year the graduates come forward and take their commanding places for good or evil in our society. What amazing results are depending, not infrequently, on the character with which a single able man comes forth from his alma mater! Who can estimate the value of one season of genuine, deep reviving in a group of professors, and of their scholars? The interest which the churches have in this matter as respects the succession in the ministry is far greater than most of the membership have begun to realize.

On our Coast, perhaps more than elsewhere, this interest in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the schools has failed to take the strong hold it deserves. But we have organized an educational alliance to deepen and promote that interest. The organization is well. The machine is suitably designed. What we want is the power in the wheels, so that the colleges and the Seminary may multiply strong and godly men for all the great lines of Christian service.

DON'T FORGET HOME MISSIONS.

The appeal has gone out to the churches and ministers in behalf of the financial year soon to close of the home missionary work in our State. It is a pressing appeal. Unless it be received and acted upon in the spirit of sacrifice, the work will suffer and the workers will suffer, too. Just now, the other voices that cry, Give, are many and piercing. But those pleas should not, for a moment, make Christians forget the stated channels of their benevolence. Of all these, none is dearer to the patriotic heart than this of home missions. When the world of want cries out all at once and so intensely, the churches may almost gasp for relief. But it is to be hoped that the notable example of the Macedonians, spoken of by Paul, will be repeated among us: "For in much proof of application and in deep poverty, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of liberality." Deep poverty is a phrase that we have not been accustomed to think applicable to our Golden State. But riches of liberality we may certainly expect wherever the situation is duly placed before the friends of this cause.

Mr. Depew's description of Leo XII, and his interview with him at the Vatican, is likely to increase, with many, the reputation of that Pontiff. But when we read of the same gentleman's account of Monte Carlo, which he describes as "a hell," and then proceeds to tell us that the Prince of Monaco, who reigns in that hell, is "a charming man of wide information, and thorough culture," we could almost wish that we could somehow get a more complete separation of fine men from bad institutions, and of bad men from good institutions. The mixture of tares and wheat is perplexing still. But even now the judgment day is in session.

The *Advance* comes down heavily and repeatedly upon that disposition, just now rife, to score the churches. It is not at all to be doubted that the churches fail of coming up to their high calling. So, probably, do the earnest gentlemen whose disposition is to score. But what reason is there to suppose that there is a signal failure all along the line just now? Besides, is the animus of these accusations directed against Christian people or Christian organization?

It is pleasant to notice how the treasures of our benevolent societies are remembered in isolated places, and by isolated individuals. Thus, to an appeal from the American Board came a donation from a very little church in Washington. The note enclosing the gift said: "We have no services of any kind, no church edifice—nothing but four women members, three of whom, all of one family, try to send donations to the seven societies." And "a friend" from some blank place in Arizona sends one hundred dollars. Would that all the scattered members of the churches would thus remember the cause, wherever they wander from early associations!

It has rained and rained for the past week in this part of California. A great deal of water has fallen, which has done some damage, but a great deal more good. What a vast portion of this country is just useless because of lack of rain! With plenty of rain even the sandy desert is made productive. How many are the devices to obtain water in dry places! This is a great question. Millions of dollars are being spent, and many millions more will be, to reservoir the rain so that it can be used at the right time, instead of running away uselessly as now. Rivers are being turned from their narrow beds, to irrigate the thirsty land. The deserts which separate us from the Eastern States are very depressing. When will they give up their sterile appearance, and be filled with verdure? We believe the time will come.

Within the last month I came, for the first time, over the Tehachapi to the Southern Pacific Railroad. I have not been much of a traveler for several years; but if there is anything finer or more wonderful in railroad engineering anywhere else, I have not seen it. The way is very tame, as we climb the mountain from the South; but the run down this side, winding around the mountain-side down the steep descent, dashing through tunnels, and over the famous loop, is simply wonderful; cold snow on the summit, beautiful summer weather in the fair valley at the bottom. Railroad companies may be justly criticised, and they do much that is wrong; but men who undertake to carry through such difficult enterprises as that road over the Tehachapi are worthy of great praise. K.

A statistician announces that "the 7,000 saloons of Chicago took in \$12,000,000 during the Fair, of which amount \$8,000,000 was profit. The paper in which this was announced, suggests that these saloons should now support such of their patrons as are out of employment." Something of the sort was suggested in THE PACIFIC last week. What right have these saloons to rob men by the wholesale, and then turn them out to starve? Pass this idea along, and let it grow upon us, until legal action shall make it mean a great deal in dollars and cents. We hear, and hear often, that when a man's brain is well stupefied, the liquor-seller is not careful in making change. Many a piece of gold has gone for one drink.

On beginning the new year we found that Dr. George H. Pentecost's notes on the International Sunday-school Lessons was missing. We have used his notes for several years; they are intellectually and spiritually good; the analysis is close, the lessons fairly drawn and practical. They keep one right down to the text, and interpret scripture by scripture. We sent at once to the publishers, F. H. Revell Company, 148 Madison street, Chicago, and have the volume. Send for it; price, \$1.

The Southern Pacific Company has been cutting a tunnel through the Santa Lucia mountains for more than a year past. It was pierced through within the last week, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet. This is the longest of seven tunnels found to be necessary to reach San Luis Obispo. Two others are complete, and the remaining four are expected to be through by March 1st. This is all a part of the coast road which this company is building, and which will be one of the most picturesque and delightful roads in the world.

The pictures of idols and idol temples, and of some, but few, churches, that are meant to illustrate or adorn the book on the "Parliament of Religions," carry this idea, at least—that some religions were never intended to instruct or edify the worshippers. Comparative religion, if judged by these pictures, would be decidedly unfavorable to the Asiatic cults. Was this result intended?

It is said that the pension appropriation by Congress this year will be \$15,000,000 less than last year. We hope the reduction will be fully that much. This pension business has been overdue for many years. It was never intended by loyal men who fought and legislated for us in the olden time that any such large amount should be expended as is now done.

FROM OREGON.

Several years ago a young gentleman came to this city from the East seeking employment. Before he could find anything, and having the care of a friend who was ill, he ran out of funds. In his strait he drew a \$30 check on an Eastern bank, where, as was afterwards shown, he had no funds. This resulted in a criminal prosecution, and, in lieu of funds to pay his fine, he was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. By good conduct he shortened his term of confinement several weeks. Soon after his release he determined to come back to this city, the scene of his first and only wrong-doing, so far as known, and retrieve his character. He assumed another name, found employment with one firm, and remained there for two years, winning high praise for his ability and the efficiency with which he discharged his duties. During this time he married a most estimable young lady in one of the upper valley towns. Shortly afterwards, he began the publication of a financial journal, and by its able editorial and business management, he brought it quickly to public notice and hearty support. His careful and discriminating work upon this paper, and the thorough understanding that he was shown to possess regarding the intricacies of the current banking system of our country, and his rare executive ability, caused those in authority to put him in charge as receiver of some of the banks in the interior of this State last summer when the financial crisis was in our midst. His duties here, as elsewhere, were discharged most satisfactorily to all parties concerned. One success led to another, and finally, a few weeks ago, he was appointed by the United States Comptroller of currency, receiver of a bank in this city, and had no difficulty in securing the necessary bonds. Meanwhile, some who thought they were entitled to official positions became jealous of his success, and began to devise ways and means for his overthrow. A whispered word here and there was enough to give a clue, and finally the story of his State prison experiences, assumed name, etc., and the cause that led to it, with all the color added that a cruel, malicious person could devise, was made public the past week, through an evening paper filling columns; and, as might be expected, the blow fell with crushing force upon the unhappy victim and his wife, who had not previously known anything of the crime of her husband. She, like a true woman, only clung to him the more closely. He called his bondsmen together, told them his story, and promptly sent in his resignation. To the honor of his bondsmen, be it said, they were willing to remain on his bonds if the Washington authorities were satisfied to have him continue in his official position. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard, but it does seem as if every consideration that can be thought of should prompt all to give a helping hand in a case like this, to build up instead of to tear down and destroy.

From October, 1892, to December 21, 1893, the Salem church-roll was reduced from about 420 to 244, by death, discipline and dismissals, a large number of the latter—76 in one body—being the logical result of Mr. Corwin's temporary return, and holding services for four weeks, after the withdrawal of fellowship from him by the Willamette Association, a thing he threatened to do, providing he was not exonerated from the grave charges preferred against him. Now the church is in excellent condition, peaceful and prayerful. Five were added by letter last Sunday. The Week of Prayer was observed.

The church at Albany, Rev. W. A. Trow pastor, in spite of business depression, gave more than six times as much for benevolences in 1893 as it did in 1892. The Boys' Club has entered upon its second year. The members average fourteen years of age. Debates have been instituted this year, which have been eagerly taken hold of by them.

This afternoon at 4 o'clock, Dr. Clapp gave his farewell address to Y. M. C. A. men's meeting. His subject was "Literary Traps." He made a powerful plea for purity of life and thought, pointing out how much of downward tendency there was in much of the printed matter of the time. He appealed to those present—fully 300 men—to begin systematic measures towards an organization for the suppression of evil literature and vice, and he was listened to with the closest attention.

Three new members were received in the Astoria church last Sunday. A young man who had been attending the services came into the Sunday-school with a class of young men who said they would be glad to join the school if their friends would teach them; and, there being no objection to this, such an arrangement was effected.

Rev. Elmer E. Smiley of the Vancouver, Wash., church, has tendered his resignation, to take effect in April. He will then go directly to his former home at Syracuse, N. Y., for a visit before taking other work.

As far as heard from, the Week of Prayer was generally observed in all our churches, and with good results.

At the communion service in the First church, this city, to-day, five new members were received, three by letter and two on confession. The service was unusually well attended, and was very impressive and tender, and is the last that will be conducted by Pastor Clapp, to which he made feeling allusion. In the eight years that he has served this church, no service of this kind has been held without the reception of more or less new members.

At the Oregon City church to-day, which is regularly supplied by Professor H. A. Shorey, the morning subject was, "Misconceptions of Religion." The evening subject, "Hard Times," treated in three parts: First, "Some of the Causes," by Geo. C. Brownell, a well-known lawyer; second, "Some of the Remedies," by Professor Shorey; third, "Some of the Opportunities of the Church," by C. H. Dye, Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and also a prominent lawyer.

Oregon City maintains a free reading-room, and the association of gentlemen controlling held their third annual meeting during the past week. The expense of maintenance for the past year was \$702.05; daily average attendance, 50; five monthly magazines, twenty-one weeklies and six dailies are regularly filed. One of our faithful Congregational brethren, Rev. H. A. Wall, is librarian.

The gospel meetings which have been going on at the Independence church, conducted by Rev. D. V. Poling, assisted by Superintendent Clapp, closed last Sunday with seventeen additions to the church. A number of others will follow, it is believed, very soon.

Rev. J. M. Beauchamp, pastor of Hillside church, Washington county, just closed a two weeks' meeting, resulting in a greatly revived church and nine conversions.

Mrs. Honor Marks Whitlock, a native of England, and mother of the first white child born in Victoria, B. C., died in one of the hospitals in this city a few days ago. Mrs. Whitlock became a member of the Congregational church, Oregon City, in 1850, and remained an active, consistent member thereof up to within a few months past, when failing health and advancing age compelled her to give up that which to her had been a lifelong pleasure—the helping of others to lead a better life.

PORTLAND, Jan. 14, 1894.

Last Thursday evening the First church of this city had its annual roll-call, and the reports from the various departments of church work were read. From these, the following is condensed:

Additions to the church for the year, 61; on confession, 23; by letter, 38. Dismissals, 43; by death, 11; by letter, 31; dropped from roll, 1. This makes a net gain of members for the year 18, and a total membership of 672, of whom 90 are non-residents.

The Sunday-school for the first half of the year kept up to its former standard, but has rather fallen off during the last part of the year, notwithstanding officers and teachers were unusually faithful. Ten members of the Sunday-school have united with the church during the year.

The Y. P. S. C. E. has made favorable progress. It now has a total membership of 131, twenty-five having been received in 1893. In addition to its customary work, it has maintained the Front-street mission at an expense of \$300.16, which has a Sunday-school of 60 members. It has also rendered valuable assistance at the East Twentieth-street mission, and the Irving-street mission as well. In all, the Society has expended \$427.50 in its work the past year.

The Junior Y. P. S. C. E., now two years old, is in a flourishing condition, with a membership of 70, most of whom take part in the regular meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Six have joined the church the past year, and four have been promoted to the Senior Society. All have led the meetings at some time. Contributions have been made to home and foreign missions, the church and the State Y. P. S. C. E. work.

As usual, the Ladies' Aid Society has been most helpful. Its earnings were \$215.50, all expended in useful ways. This Society has been the largest contributor to the new church building, having already paid over \$4,768 to the trustees. It completed the tenth year of its existence last September, and has been especially efficient in its chosen sphere—in seconding the pastor and his wife in all social and temporal matters connected with the church; and no limitations have been recognized but those of time, ability and opportunity. Present membership, 65.

The Ladies' Missionary Society has held ten meetings. By agreement, the home and foreign work is considered alternately, and the meetings are held from house to house. The Society has raised \$260.46, all of which has been expended.

The Sunnyside Branch, Rev. J. J. Staub pastor, has pushed forward amid many discouragements, and clearly shows its right to live. The membership and pastor are in hearty accord, and are determined to overcome all obstacles. The enterprise has the sympathy and all the sup-

port possible of the surrounding community, and enters the new year with much hope. It has raised \$480.45 for the year. Its Sunday-school, prayer-meeting and Y. P. S. C. E. meeting are well attended, and full of interest. A suitable church home would remove many of the obstacles to the work.

The Helping Hand Mission Band, composed of twenty-five active, and thirty-four honorary members, raised \$168.60 last year. This, with a balance of \$17.40 left over from last year, has been about equally disbursed for home and foreign missions. Fourteen meetings were held at the residence of Mrs. Warren, a daughter of Dr. Atkinson, who has aided the young girls very largely in the directing of their work, and stimulating their zeal by acquainting them with the numerous missionary enterprises of our seven Societies.

The King's Daughters have been especially useful in doing charitable work, and in distributing flowers at the several hospitals. "In His Name" they have been diligent at all times.

The Ladies' Relief Society, organized some three months ago, has been actively at work in its chosen field, and has rendered timely services in numerous cases of destitution, more of which exists in this city at the present time than ever before in its history.

While much that is cheering and hopeful characterized the reports, yet, as each was read, and reference made to Dr. and Mrs. Clapp's work in connection therewith, an inexpressible feeling of sadness pervaded the entire assembly, as it was realized that this was the last annual meeting that our beloved pastor and his wife would be present with. Geo. H. Himes.

PORTLAND, Jan. 21, 1894.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I shall never forget the sunny morning in Jerusalem, when our excellent dragoman, Joseph Shaar, took our party to the door of a grain store, and showed us how Syrians buy wheat. There lay the golden wheat in a great pile on the floor—rich-shining, like Minnesota or California's best. There was the ready measure. Joseph knelt and dipped it in the wheat; then shook it down, pressed it, pushed it with fists and open palms, piled on more, and shook and pressed them with every possible manipulation to make one kernel more stay on the rounding heap. It seemed like sleight-of-hand work, as there were no scales to weigh, to see the packed measure somehow hold the handfuls put on purpose to get the utmost bargain. It was the work of interesting minutes, and I doubt not there was a tenth more than you or I would have piled on the same measure. As his beaming, intelligent face looked up toward us, and he said, "This is the way we buy wheat in Palestine," I could but think of the Master's words, as the graphic Luke reports them (Luke vi: 38): "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." There was a picture in the costume of the man, too. All but his heavy, English riding-boots was Oriental. His loose blue tunic, tightened with a girdle, gave him a wonderful all-around bosom. Had he had no sack, I think he could have carried into camp every kernel of the measured wheat. The cakes, oranges, lemons, figs, conveniences an Oriental will carry in his picturesque bosom, are wonderful to a Yankee who has only little pockets.

I sketch the picture as a humble postscript to Superintendent Harrison's personal appeal annexed to the missionary committee's message. Perhaps this is all that Mayflower can give beside prayer and praise. But if we give this willingly we put ourselves where our rich Divine Master can act out his loving heart to us. If others help us, it is the Comforter, the Spirit, whom he sends, who puts them up to it, suggests the generous thought to their hearts. Friends who struggle with your own needs, notice the divine direction for help. It is not the cunning message of a burning zealot, a cunning solicitor, or astute secretary, but the declaration of our Divine Lord. I wish the Palestine picture might prick it a little deeper on your heart. Your way to prosperity is to give to others; to the tramps, if you can sift them; or give through those who can; to all our six societies with their well-considered needs; to that widow next door; to that dying saint who will not long need your beneficence. Give flowers if you cannot give money; give oranges if you cannot give gold; go and give smiles and good-mornings to the sorry, if these be all you have. But give them in His name. You don't get much from Congress. Cleveland's gold and silver plans are obscure. Our daily papers are windy. Luke states it. Christ said it. It's true. Try Luke vi: 38.

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

P. S.—Can any brother send me the address of Rev. S. F. Porter, a beloved veteran minister who has just left the Grove. I have something for his advantage. E. S. W.



Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held in San Francisco at Room 23, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, on Friday, January 26, 1894, at 3:30 P. M. J. E. AGER, Sec'y.

Deacon D. Gilbert Dexter presented the subject at the Monday Club, "Problems of Modern Thought." He briefly alluded to many of these problems, such as "Capital and Labor," "Bible Interpretation," "Government of Cities," "Evolution," etc. The paper was liberal, progressive and inclusive. The discussion which followed took up several of the points mentioned. Some agreed entirely with the essay, others differed kindly, and all acknowledged the merit of the production. The meeting was very large, with several lady visitors. Next week Mrs. Stella Ames will address the meeting on "Vocal and Physical Development."

Evangelist F. L. Smith commenced a series of meetings in the First church in this city last Sabbath evening. His sermon was from the text, "Give me thine heart," to a very large and attentive audience. The after meeting was large, and some rose for prayers. Meetings are being held every night except Saturday in the church at 7:30, and Bible readings at 2:30 in the afternoons.

Rev. W. H. Tubbs preaches morning and evening in Bethlehem chapel to encouraging audiences. Last Sabbath he baptized two infants; there were 68 teachers and pupils in the Sabbath-school.

The Park church Sunday-school numbered 120.

Dr. McLean of the First church and Dr. Willett of Pilgrim church, Oakland, exchanged pulpits Sabbath morning.

Prof. George Moor supplied Plymouth-avenue church.

Rev. J. H. Goodell preached in the Market-street church, Oakland, on "The Sin of Cain."

Rev. A. K. Crawford is working with zeal and some encouragement at Fitchburg and Melrose, Alameda county. He is trying to lay sure foundations for a revival.

Rev. and Mrs. Oramel Gulick, who have been missionaries of the American Board for eighteen years, took steamer for Honolulu last Saturday, where they will tarry for six months, working among the Japanese on the Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick were born on the Islands.

The Week of Prayer was observed at Murphys with good attendance. One united with the church on confession of faith at the January communion. The annual meeting was well attended. The roll-call works well here.

Rev. Samuel Greene, C. S. S. & P. S. Superintendent in Washington, says of the Sunday-school work in Washington: "From September 1, 1892, to August 31, 1893, 51 new schools have been gathered and organized to be added to the 205 of a year ago; but from the sum of these must be deducted 30 schools that have been discontinued, absorbed by other denominations or otherwise withdrawn from our care. The number left to us is 226 Sunday-schools, with an enrollment of only about a hundred less than ten thousand. This number is greater by far than that of any other denomination, for none other is attempting the aggressive Sunday-school missionary work which is in the hands of the Congregationalists to do. Three missionaries have been engaged in the service in this State during the entire year, and another whose time has been given since November 1, 1892. Their sermons and addresses number five hundred and fifty-three, and the miles traveled, 46,550 in Washington and Northern Idaho. Ninety-five schools have reported to the Superintendent the observance of Children's Day, and their offering amounted to \$652.29. By our Publishing Society 482 grants of periodical literature amounting to \$1,403.29 have been made to about 150 schools in Washington and Idaho."

EASTERN.

All the churches in Concord, N. H., have had a time of refreshing. The First church has received thirty-seven; the North church, thirty-six; and the South, twenty-seven.

Rev. J. B. Silcox, now pastor of Emanuel church, Montreal, received from appreciative parishioners a New Year's present of \$275 and a very fine and costly fur coat.

The superintendents of the Congregational Sunday-schools of Boston, at their meeting January 1st, discouraged the orchestra in Sunday-schools.

The new church at Hutchins, Iowa, organized January 7th, is the only church in the town, and has the promise of great usefulness.

The church at Lambert, Minn., received eighteen January 14th. The revival meetings are to be continued.

A new church of ten members was organized at Evansville, Oklahoma, December 27th.

Twenty-one united with the church at Hyde Park, Mass., January 7th.

OLIVET CHURCH.

The tenth anniversary of the Sunday-school connected with Olivet church was celebrated last Sunday evening in a somewhat unusual manner. On account of there being so much of destitution, paper bags holding five and ten pounds had previously been distributed and sent to all absentees, with a printed slip pasted on each which read as follows: "Olivet Congregational church, corner Noe and Seventeenth streets. Tenth anniversary of the Sunday-school, Sunday evening, January 21, 1894, at 7:30 o'clock. Celebrated by a benevolent contribution for the families of the unemployed. Please fill this bag with groceries, fruit or vegetables; tie securely, and bring Sunday evening. If not possible for you to come, be sure and send."

An appeal was also made at the morning services for money and clothing. The results were highly successful; the house was crowded; some money was received; a considerable quantity of good serviceable clothing, and nearly a ton of groceries and provisions. These will all be carefully distributed, and carry relief and comfort to many deserving families in the neighborhood. The Secretary's report gave some interesting facts and figures, showing a good year, the best item being that ten members of the school had united with the church. This school still studies its lessons directly from the Bible, without the usual lesson helps, with satisfaction and profit. Almost all the teachers and scholars bring and use their own Bibles and Testaments. The order of exercises was an attractive one, and the different parts were all well rendered by the school. In closing, the pastor gave an earnest address on "The Gospel of Doing Good."

OUR CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Directors of the Congregational Church Extension Society under its articles and certificate of incorporation was held on Tuesday, January 16, 1894, in the study of the First Congregational church of this city. The following Directors were present: Rev. William C. Pond, D.D., Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Mr. W. W. Chase, Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., Mr. R. W. Snow, Rev. W. W. Scudder, and Rev. H. Hammond Cole.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Pond, and prayer offered by Dr. McLean. The following officers were then elected: President, Rev. W. C. Pond; Secretary, Rev. H. Hammond Cole; Treasurer, Mr. John D. McKee; Attorney, James M. Hearn, Esq.; Auditors, Mr. W. W. Chase, Mr. R. W. Snow, Rev. William C. Pond reported progress in Bethlehem chapel, under authority of the Society before incorporation. The building is now completed and occupied, and of the one thousand dollars pledged by the Society, eight hundred dollars have been secured, leaving two hundred dollars still to be raised by the churches and individuals interested. Of the six hundred dollars to be raised on the field, three hundred dollars are secured, with a good prospect for the remainder. It was voted earnestly to recommend all our churches in San Francisco to help financially in this first work of our Church Extension Society.

Arrangements will be made for the dedication of Bethlehem chapel at an early day. Under the stimulus of the new building, the Sunday-school and congregations have increased, and the work is in a promising condition. Adjourned to meet Tuesday, January 23d, at 10 A. M., in Dr. McLean's study at the First church, Oakland.

H. HAMMOND COLE, Secretary.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city is to be congratulated on the success of its 41st anniversary, which was celebrated at Metropolitan Temple, Monday evening, January 15th. The day was one of the most inclement of the season, but the rain ceased in the early evening, and notwithstanding the condition of the streets, the great hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The Harmony Choral Union furnished excellent music. A large number of business and professional men occupied seats on the platform together with clergymen, among whom were Right Rev. W. Ford Nichols, D.D., Bishop of California, Episcopal Church, one of the speakers of the evening, and Rev. Bishop D. A. Goodsell, D.D., of the M. E. Church. Mr. Geo. W. Gibbs, President of the Association, presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Bishop Nichols and John J. Valentine, Esq., President of Wells, Fargo & Co. This demonstration speaks the interest manifested in the institution. They hope to enter their new building early in September and (D. V.), the forty-second anniversary will be held in their own splendid new hall, which will be one of the finest in the city. The reports for the year were most excellent, showing the extensive work accomplished through the different agencies of the Association.

MARRIED.

GODAIR—MASON.—By Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., at 919 Shotwell street, on January 21, 1894, Mr. William T. Godair and Miss Lilian E. Mason, both of San Francisco.

In a heart-aching plea, the *Missionary Herald*, in its last number, says: "It is not a stereotyped appeal that we make here, for the American Board has not been involved in such conditions of financial distress for many years. It is a real, appealing, irresistible condition of affairs that must compel our serious attention. We must be quick to plan, fervent in prayer, enlarged in faith and generous in gifts, if we are to save the work and workers from distress. The debt is a storm-cloud, dark and foreboding, along the horizon, upon which our missionaries gaze. We have come to feel that its shadow can not be removed by the even unusual gifts of our churches. There is imperative need of unusual gifts from the churches in order to meet the demands of a growing work. Let the men of wealth, with prayerful consideration of our needs, with spiritual consideration of their privileges, come to the rescue, and, in sums varying from five hundred to five thousand dollars, roll the load of debt from our work."

The Christian Endeavor movement started the new year with nearly 29,000 societies, and about a million and three-quarters of members. The growth during the last six months has been larger than ever before in the history of the movement. Recent letters from Australia relate that the society is having a most wide-spread and stimulating influence upon the churches of the colonies, most of the evangelical denominations having adopted the movement. In England, too, the growth of late has been remarkable, a thousand societies being enrolled, and doubtless many more in existence. English Endeavorers have taken for their motto, "1894 societies in 1894." The next convention of the English societies will be held in the Metropolitan tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's church, and it is expected that its great seating capacity will be taxed to its utmost.

A. M. A. LANTERN SLIDES.—I wish again to call attention to the fact that Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., Alameda, Cal., has in custody two sets of lantern slides illustrative of the work of the American Missionary Association among the Negroes and Indians. These are for the use of pastors who possess or have the control of lanterns. Write to Mr. Scudder, and pay the express charge each way. It is hoped that in this way the slides may dispense a good deal of light.

J. E. ROY, Dist. Sec. A. M. A.

MAX MULLER ON ORIENTAL RELIGIONS.—"I confess it has been many years a problem to me, and, and to a great extent is so still, how the sacred books of the East should, by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful, and true, contain so much that is not only unmeaning, artificial, and silly, but even hideous and repellent." Because they are products of evolution, and not of revelation, is the solution of the problem.

As I think of our Congregational churches, looking upon them from the quiet and conservatism of a university parish, I am impressed with the tendency to wander from approved Congregational methods, and to experiment in things not "to the manner born." To import devices, or in despair to resort to strange experiments, is a confession of weakness which is not becoming and is not necessary.—Rev. N. McKenzie, D.D.

DIED.

GREGORY.—At the home of her parents, Oakland, on Thursday morning, January 18th, Miss Agnes G. Gregory, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory, a native of Cherokee, Butte county, Cal., aged 26 years.

Miss Gregory was educated at Snell Seminary, Oakland, graduating thence in the class of 1886. She was an active member of the First Congregational church, Oakland, upon the services of which she was regular in attendance, and in its labors abundant, until prostrated by sickness. She was among the foremost in all work which could be helpful to the church, or beneficial to the needy. She was quick and strong to execute, as well as wise to plan. Nor were her activities confined to her own church, but the members of other churches and philanthropic associations found her ready to take part in every good undertaking. If "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," then she was one of his beloved. Her last illness of ten weeks was greatly trying by reason of long-continued and severe suffering, all of which, however, was borne without a murmur or any indication of impatience. Always forgetful of self, she planned to make light the burden of others, even to the last day of her earthly life. The end, although neared through the most intense suffering, was approached without fear, and reached in a hushed and holy calm. None who witnessed the departure will forget the loving, peaceful smile that lighted up her face, the last visible expression of a spirit beloved. Miss Gregory was of an exceedingly gentle and graceful disposition, quiet and affable in manner, thoroughly sincere and purposeful, devout, and, in the highest sense attractive in person and demeanor. She was a teacher in the Sunday-school of her church, and at the time of her death, Secretary of its Young Ladies' Mission Circle. The world can ill afford to lose such noble Christian women. "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless."

BORN.

ROBINSON.—In Oakland, on December 30, 1893, to the wife of the Rev. W. H. Robinson, a daughter.

Publishers' Department

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DIED.

BLAKE.—In this city, January 17th, Dr. Charles E. Blake, beloved husband of Martha Foster Blake, and brother of Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, aged 48 years 5 months and 3 days.

county, Maine, of a distinguished ancestry. He was the son of Chaplain Blake, so long and favorably known in this city, and who preceded his honored son into realms on high in June of last year. Very early in life Dr. Blake exhibited unmistakable elements which gave promise of eminence and success. Entering Phillips Academy when only a boy, he fully prepared himself for Yale University, which he entered in 1861, graduating in a large class, several of whom are illustrious men, among the foremost. Immediately he offered himself to his country's service, and was made Second Lieutenant of the Fortieth United States Colored Infantry, and remained with his company until mustered out in 1866. His heroic energy now sought another sphere, and he entered Philadelphia to study law with William F. Jackson. He tarried here only a short time, and then sought the frontier in Arizona, where his father, Chaplain Blake, was stationed with the United States troops at Prescott. He was engaged in teaching, and took up the study of medicine. After three years he resumed his journey Westward, and came to San Francisco, entered the Medical College of the Pacific, from which he graduated in 1873. In the following year he married Miss Martha Foster, whom, with two daughters—Marguerite and Jessie—he leaves to mourn their irreparable loss.

He was a physician of great ability, and of sound, elastic common sense. He was tender, true, honest, painstaking, and spared not himself, but endeared himself by his friendliness as well as by his skill. For several years he held the distinguished position of President of the Medical Society of California. He possessed the confidence of his profession, and the friendless and the poor call him blessed. A disposition to look on the bright side of every situation enriched his career with tact and grace. He was a friendly man as well as a beloved physician. In all his learning and cares he never ceased to be a fond and an affectionate father. The world is better and life sweeter because he lived.

"His life was gentle, and the elements So mixed in him that nature might stand up And say, 'This is a man.'"

For twenty years he had been a faithful member of Plymouth Congregational church. No consideration but the right could influence; no reward but his Lord's approval could satisfy him. His private and professional career were prompted and directed by that purity of motive which never fails to render man honored in life and triumphant in death. His death, though very sudden, was fully expected and thoughtfully anticipated by him; he glided down the stream of years smoothly and calmly, and fell asleep in the arms of his Lord and Master, deeply mourned and sincerely lamented.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
Thy labor o'er, thy victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!"

The funeral services were conducted in the home and in the church—in the former for the family, and in the latter for the public. The day was solemn, and the skies lowered as though to weep with those who wept. The beautiful and spacious church was filled, save the family pew, draped with the insignia of mortality. Three of his favorite hymns, "Just as I am," "Rock of Ages," and "When peace like a river," were sung by request, and his pastor, the Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., preached from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"We shall gather, friend with friend,
Some sweet day by-and-by;
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory;
Some day their hands shall clasp our hand
Just over in the morning land."

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A pleasant walk,
Together.

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious.

A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious.

VOL. III.

"You ask mamma,"
"Consult papa,"
"With pleasure."

And both repent
This rash event
At leisure.

—Literary Digest.

[Sheridan, the wit and playwright, who, it is well known, was always in debt, received from his tailor, named Berry, a few days before Christmas, a bill, with a note, expressing a hope that, at such a felicitous season, the bill would be paid. To this Sheridan replied:]

"Here is a Mull—Berry,
To send me your Bill—Berry,
Before it was Dew—Berry.
Your father, the Elder—Berry,
Would not have been such a Goose—Berry.
Now, don't look so Black—Berry,
For I don't care a Straw—Berry."
—Literary Digest.

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

Mrs. Foster was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say, "Come in!" the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh!" as a fair curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew. Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin-plate, "won't you, please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple-cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am—the birds, you know. So many of 'em come now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them, so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner," and the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the tin plate traveled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds—more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster; "he gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now, there's Mrs. Irwin, she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress," said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Mary has just laid aside would do any good"; and before the visit was over Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home—enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the Heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.—*Sunbeam.*

AN INTERESTING EXERCISE.

"How many things come on the table that begin with A?"

The children thought a minute, and one responded, "Apples"; another, "Asparagus"; another, "Almonds."

"Is there nothing else we eat that begins with A?"

No answer.

"Well, look it up after dinner."

"What do we eat that begins with B?"

A simultaneous shout, "Beef," then "Bananas," and "Butter," "Beans," "Bread," followed in quick succession.

"Now, I want you to make up lists of all the articles of food used by us, or any humans except cannibals. You may hunt through the cook-books, through the dictionary, through the botany, through the encyclopedias and books of travel. Put each list under its appropriate letter, and at the bottom of each list the number it aggregates, then the aggregate of the whole. We shall then easily see on what the human race subsists. The one that gets the longest list is to have a prize."

Right after dinner the children made little blank books, leaving a page for each letter of the alphabet, and set to work on their quest. It couldn't be concluded in half a day or half a year, but it was decided that in three months they should compare notes, and see which one had made the largest aggregate.

The books were a curious study when they came in. In going over the lists a great many items were struck out, meat being one, though beef, mutton and pork were allowed to remain. Cake was struck from the lists and its components, wheat, eggs, sugar, butter, etc., allowed to remain. What was left when the revision was made represented the original staples used as food.

Of course, some of the pages, as K and Q, were not very well filled.

"I think C is a mean letter," says one of the boys, "it robs poor K of all nearly that belongs to him, and not content with that, filches from S what rightly belongs to him. Indeed, if C gave up all he had taken away from his neighbors, I don't know what he'd have left if H didn't come to help him out."

The children talked over their pursuit in the line of foods with their playmates, and several of them started books and lists, to which, as they read, they were continually adding.

If any one thinks this exercise is not interesting, let him engage in it and see.—*Christian Advocate.*

LITTLE THINGS.

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love," little touches upon an aching brow, tender words of sympathy to a lonely heart, bright smiles for children, or caresses for the grievous one—oh, that we could sow kind deeds and loving words as the granger sows his seed, what an abundant harvest there would be; what a glorious reaping of good results!

I hear some one saying: "I have tried, and no one seemed to know; I was unappreciated." Was ever a kind word lost? No; never was there a soul so hardened by sin, or a heart so calloused, that a tender word or smile could not seep through the crust.

I use the word "seep" because I like it. It makes me think of a few drops of oil upon an old gate's hinges. The gate has been unused, has become rusty and refuses to open. You put a little oil upon the hinges with no apparent effect; you put a little more, still no result; so you conclude you have failed and abandon your efforts. Weeks later, some one who knows nothing about your efforts comes singing down the weed-decked path and gives it a gentle push, when, lo! it swings heavily back and the singer passes on. Your oil has done the work.

"What a clumsy illustration," you say. So it is; but what of it if it answers my purpose and shows how? Just so the oil of kindness may act upon the heart that has stood out in the storms of sin until it has become coated over with a rust of indifference. Later, perhaps years later, some one touches the rusty gate and it yields.

NATIVE POLITENESS.

A man having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, patronized a bootblack on a business street corner. When the boy had finished polishing, the man asked, "How much shall I pay you?"

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No sir," said the boy, "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

In Highland county, Ohio, recently, the dog of a farmer named Samuel Sharp went mad, and was killed. Before this it had dropped some of its saliva on the corn with which the family cow was fed. Since then the cow has gone mad, and Mr. Sharp, who had been drinking her milk daily, has fallen very sick. The neighbors attribute his illness to the poisonous milk which he has used. Whether this be so or not, the fact may be used as an illustration of the contagiousness of wrong-doing, and the impossibility of limiting, much less of preventing, the consequences of sins once perpetrated.—*Vi. Chronicle.*

The other day a heavy delivery wagon backed up in front of an Eighth-avenue furniture store. The smoothness and slant of the asphalt gave greater momentum than was expected, and the hind wheels struck the curb with a crash. The contact of stone and iron drew out sparks. Some of these flew into a wisp of packing hay that soon gave forth smoke and flame. A bucket of water subdued the blaze, but, as a fireman remarked, it was an interesting object lesson on one of the mysterious ways in which serious fires sometimes start.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Love was the motive power which led to the invention of the knitting machine. In 1589, William Lee was in love with a beautiful country girl, who was never seen without her knitting in her hands. To facilitate matters, and that he might have more time for gentle converse with her, he set his wits to work to relieve her of this everlasting knitting. The knitting machine was the result.—*Dorcas Magazine.*

Denmark has an old maid insurance company. Benefits are paid at 40 years.

Treasures.

Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

DERELICTS.

Derelicts have become such a menace to ocean travel that it has become necessary to make international plans for their destruction. The following account, taken from the *Independent* of December 28th, written on board the *San Francisco*, one of our largest cruisers, says:

"This morning, at ten o'clock, a wreck was reported ahead; at half-past eleven we came upon it, and found it to be the schooner *Drisco*, of Jonesport, Me., laden with lumber. Both of her masts had been blown off close to the deck, the mainmast was swinging alongside; the sea was breaking over her, and they had tied a pole to the stump of the mainmast for a signal staff. We sent a boat on board and found her deserted. From the log book we learned that she sailed from Charleston, October 6th, for Kingston, Jamaica, and the last entry was made October 11th, when the gale was reported increasing. She must have been wrecked in the cyclone of the 12th. There were some women's clothes on board, probably belonging to the captain's wife. We do not know whether they were rescued by some passing vessel, or if they are now afloat on the ocean in their own boat."

"We lay by the wreck until the next morning, when, soon after daylight, we sent a boat over, and exploded a torpedo under it containing a hundred pounds of gun-cotton. But Maine builds her vessels well—it only broke some of her timbers. We then had to dry some more gun-cotton, and we put over 90 pounds in the ovens of our range. We were all glad that it dried without blowing us up. Then we exploded 20 pounds under its sides; this broke up the middle somewhat and cracked the starboard side of the vessel, but she still held together. Then we steamed off half a mile, and started ahead at full speed to ram the wreck. I stood forward, looking over the side. We struck her amidships, and went through her, the bow of the schooner going one side and the stern on the other side of our vessel; there was very little shock felt on our ship. The sea was immediately covered with the lumber with which she was laden. We then fired some six-inch shells into the floating bow and stern, and at last broke her up completely, and then we steamed on for Key West, leaving all that lumber—somebody's loss—to go ashore on the coast of Florida, or to drift and gather barnacles and seaweed, and for a wandering seabird to alight upon for a moment before he flew off into trackless space. The noise we made in breaking up the wreck attracted a multitude of sharks, that came swimming around the vessel. They were very hungry, and snapped at everything. One of the men threw overboard an empty tomato can. A huge shark swam quickly toward it, turned over on his side to bring his mouth within range, opened his large jaw, and down into his stomach went the can. We shot at several, but only killed one, that was soon devoured by his hungry friends."

Young men are learning the everyday commercial value of temperance. The "good fellow" man is he who stays at the ladder's foot, and his comrades profit by that object lesson. In no walk of life are the highest paths open as they were, not so very long ago, to the man who drinks. Business men, professional men, look upon an employee's convivial habits as a menace to themselves. What once found ready excuse now suffers not even toleration. That is the plain lesson of the times. And that is the reason common sense is every day forwarding the cause of practical temperance.

Read the seventh chapter of Numbers. It is the longest one in that book, and one of the longest in the Bible, and it is all about giving. It tells us about the offerings of the Tabernacle. We are asked to give as the Lord hath prospered us. The poor widow cast in her two mites, but it was all her living. Pray as you give, and give as you pray. Give cheerfully. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Give readily, give heartily, give from principle. Giving is an expression of love—give lovingly. The Hindoo woman said, "I have nothing to give but my tongue; I'll give that."

A printer's error is amusing the Queenslanders. Their leading newspaper, reviewing a work prognosticating the wonders of science, remarked, "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination." The correction appeared in the issue of the following week, as follows: "For other blackguards, please read 'Rider Haggard's.'"

A man traveling one of the saw-mill roads in Dooly county, Ga., avers that the road was so crooked that he met himself coming back.—*New York Sun.*

THE FRENCH.

The French are generally a very polite nation. We remember reading how a Marshal of France, visiting this country many years before our war, was invited to attend a country muster in the State of New York.

At the close was a dinner, and at the dinner a somewhat enthusiastic officer called for his opinion of the New York militia. The Marshal thought a moment, and, rising, said: "I have seen the armies of England—I have seen the armies of the Russe—I have seen the grand armies of France—but I have never seen such soldier as the militia of New York. No, nevaire."

The above reminds us of another and different anecdote. A young French officer, entering a railway carriage, asked a quiet old gentleman sitting there if he objected to smoking. The old gentleman said, "No, if the window could remain open." Presently it began to be cool, and the young officer, leaning over without a word, closed the window. The old gentleman raised it again, the young officer again closed it and said it should not be opened. The old gentleman, raising his ivory-headed cane, smashed the glass. The young officer said: "If it were not for your age, sir, I would thrash you, and I demand your name." "Certainly," said the old gentleman, who quietly put on his spectacles, got out his card-case and handed the young officer a card on which was "M. De—, Minister of police of France." The young officer, with profuse apologies, left the carriage at the next station. MORAL: Don't insult quiet-looking old gentlemen who carry ivory-headed canes, for sometimes they are a good deal stronger than they look to be.—*George T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals.*

The Mexican correspondents of the western papers present a picture of the recent festival of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" at a church in the suburbs of the Mexican capital, that makes one rub his eyes and wonder whether this is really the nineteenth century. One says: "The scenes of fanatic zeal, which, in past years have been so conspicuous, are growing less frequent, although many of the pilgrims still walk from the Cathedral plaza, in the center of the city to the temple of Guadalupe, a distance of two and one-half miles, on their knees. Hundreds of others go on hands and knees up the rocky slopes of the hills of Guadalupe to the temple on the summit, marking the spot on which occurred the opposition of the angel Guadalupe in the sixteenth century, according to Indian tradition. The gambling, chicken fights, bull fights, and other pleasurable incidents to a religious, feast in the South were all present in their glory. Pick-pockets and robbers swarmed the vicinity of the church, and the police have been kept busy since the feast [was begun on the 9th inst.]"

Scientific gentlemen are figuring up an economic ration. To give both tissue and warmth, they say there is nothing like cornmeal. Down in Washington a quarter's worth of that will go as far as thirty-three cents for wheat flour, forty-five cents for oatmeal, seventy cents for potatoes, eighty-three cents for cheese, ninety-two cents for round steak, \$1.25 cents for ham, \$1.50 for milk, \$2.50 for mutton, \$2.80 for tenderloin, and \$3.10 for oysters. Some more mush, please!—*North and West.*

It is said that "all creeping things are instantly destroyed without danger to human life or injury to property" by the use of hot alum water. The alum should be put in hot water and allowed to boil until dissolved, then applied with a brush, and insect pests may be expected to disappear.

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Home Circle.

The Beauty of the Lilies.

Hast thou considered them
Of tender growth and borne on fragile stem?
Not Solomon was so arrayed
With throne of beauty overlaid
With gold and gem.

He loves them well who spake
Their praise, and we may love them for his sake,
He only makes them beautiful,
They have no countermeed, his rule
They never break.

They toil not, spin not; lo
They drink the sunlight in its overflow;
And by the t'ches they receive
And by the beauty which they give
The lilies grow.

—Rev. Dwight Williams.

Then and Now.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Son to the mow,
Girl to the sow, and
The rent was netted.

NOW.

Man tally ho,
Girl Piano,
Son Greek and Latin,
Wife silk and satin,
And the farmer gazed.

—Scottish Farmer.

A SOBER CORNER AT A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

BY MARGARET MONTGOMERY.

"What a charming-looking room!"
"Isn't it!"
"And with what especial elegance
the people are dressed!"
"Why shouldn't they be? They're
mostly very wealthy. This is just
the corner for a little talk; no one
will miss us!"

"It was so kind of your aunt to in-
vite me to her tea."
"She is always kind. As soon as
she heard you were to stop over a day
or so, she quite rejoiced that she had
this diversion to offer you."
"Is this a fair sample of your friends
in your new home?"

"Oh, no! I know a good many of
them a little. Two or three were in
college with me. But they are not
my friends."

"Didn't they call on you?"
"A good many of them—once."
"Why didn't they call again?"

"Possibly, because I waited a good
while before returning their calls.
Some of them are not returned yet."
"Why?"

"Because—now tell me what would
be the use of my keeping up a calling
acquaintance? They are friends of
Aunt Mary's, and were very kind and
polite about calling when we moved
here. But you know Job's turkeys
weren't any poorer than we are. So
there is no use in my attempting this
society. At their homes my card is
received on a silver waiter by a
liveried flunkey, or, at the very least,
by a parlor maid. When they call
on me, I wipe the dishwater off my
hands, and open the door myself;
unless, indeed, as happened once, I
was outside scrubbing the steps when
one grand dame rolled up in her car-
riage to call. The footman looked
tremendously amused—that is, as
much amused as a wooden footman
dare look."

"Was she pleasant?"
"Oh, very! She was possibly in-
terested in a close observation of the
condition and surroundings of the
working classes."

"Offered to send you cold pieces,
probably?"

"Not quite. No, she even sent me
a card to her next big reception."
"Did you go?"

"No; honestly, I was afraid I should
meet the footman."

"And you were ashamed of having
been seen scrubbing the steps?"

"Of course I wasn't; but I had sense
enough to know I'd be out of place
at the grand reception. And as for
Fred, he is always so tired when he gets
home from the office that any reason
for staying at home is eagerly grasped
at. How could the folks there
understand about my kind of life?"

"Some time ago I was telling the cut-
est, brightest experience of some girl
friends of mine who took up a claim
in Nebraska and lived on it. One of
my listeners expressed at last the
blankness they all looked by saying,
'I don't see how they did it. For in-
stance, how did they get the fires
made?' How, indeed! How do I
get my fires made? and the ashes
emptied? and my pots and pans
washed? and all the other dirty jobs
that must be done by some one?"

"Doing your own work, I think, must
mean to them in some misty way
making your own coffee for breakfast
in a charming pink silk negligee; then
writing down on a dainty celluloid
tablet, with a gold pencil, what would
be nicest for the next meal; riding
down to the market in your carriage,
and laboriously ordering with your
own tongue the articles; and then
going home to dust off the parlor
table with a silk duster taken out of
an embroidered plush dust-bag! Bah!
What do they know of scrubbing-
brushes, and stoves to be blacked,
and vases to be kept clean, and
irons that blister your hands? Some
of them realize that doing your own
work must somehow mean something
eminently domestic. So they have
struggled to talk domestic affairs to
me. One said, 'What do you find to
eat for breakfast? The other meals
are easy enough, but I never know
nice things to have for breakfast.
One gets so tired of chops and steaks,

and there seems so little else.' I just
ached to paralyze her by saying,
'Well, the matter is simplified at our
house, because, if we don't have hash,
we have dried beef with milk gravy.'
And I further longed to hand her
my weekly allowance for the table,
and ask her to purchase materials for
twenty-one dainty menus with it."

"Why didn't you?"
"She would have been instantly
seized with an acute case of heart-
failure. A little knot of these people
were one day discussing under-cloth-
ing. They all arrived at the conclu-
sion that the proper supply to have
was nine sets to wear, and nine to lay
away. What did they understand of
a woman's environments who feels
puffed up with pride when she can
get as many as three new sets made
at one time? Then, too, it was left
an open question whether the nicest
kind of winter underwear was all
silk, or silk and wool. I fairly
blushed at the thought of the nice
warm cotton-flannel I had put on
with such complacency that afternoon.
This same afternoon they were talk-
ing of shoes. The startling piece of
information was given of a certain
store, largely patronized by the herd,
where very decent-looking shoes
could be bought for five dollars—
really quite respectable-looking. I
paid five dollars for a pair of shoes—
once. Those were my wedding shoes.
But I felt wicked for two weeks after-
ward. Do you wonder I don't find
them very congenial friends?"

"How queer for cultivated people
to spend an afternoon in talking of
underclothing and such things!"
"Not so queer as it sounds. It was
during an afternoon spent in sewing
for some poor people. So kindred
subjects came naturally."

"Are they charitable people?"
"Very. You seldom see people give
in such delicate ways as some in-
stances that have come to my knowl-
edge."

"Then there is something nice
about these people? They look as
though they might be nice."
"Something nice about them! I
never met more delightful people
than some of them—so well educated
and cultivated, and having such de-
lightful manners. They are musical
and well read."

"A little fast and loud, possibly?"
"No, no! not a bit of it. You don't
often see such well-bred people; and
many of them are most delightful
Christian people."

"Do you enjoy the saving and
scrimping and the dirty work about
your house more than anything else?"
"Why, of course I don't!"

"Do you know, I think you are an
awful snob."
"A snob! It's the one thing I'm
not! I had a chance to worm myself
into a sort of friendship with these
people; but I knew just how differ-
ently we were situated, and I wasn't
such a snob as to do it."

"And you were such a snob that
you let money decide your friend-
ships."

"A snob is one who makes friends
because of money."

"A snob is one who makes money
the basis of friendship. You are a
snob if you make a friend because
that friend has money; but you are
just as much a snob if you refuse to
make one your friend because that
one has money. A rich snob can
never forget, 'I've got ten dollars in
my pocket, while you have only ten
cents in yours; and a poverty-stricken
snob just as continually remembers,
'I've only got ten cents in my pocket,
while you've got ten dollars in yours.'"

"I—I believe you're right. Isn't it
horrid of me? But I really believe
that, whenever a woman holds out
her hand to me with a smile, I look
right past the smile and hunt for her
purse. If it looks bulky, I sort of
bristle up, and feel: 'You needn't
patronize me because I happen to be
Aunt Mary's niece! I'm poor, and
do my own work. Let me alone.' I
must have acted abominably to these
people; for I felt so. I thought I
hated snobs more than anything else
in the world. And now to think I'm
a snob myself!"

"Better reform."
"Believe I will. Do pass me that
dish of salted almonds."—Sunday-
school Times.

GRANDMOTHER'S WAY.

"I don't see how you can get along
with her, grandmother."

"Easy enough, child," replied the
dear old lady, in her round, rich
voice; "easy enough."

"Well, how do you do it?"
"I remember my own shortcomings,
dearie. I just set them in order be-
fore me, as it were. Then I go soft,
and I say: 'She's had no chance, and
you've been brought up right in the
midst of mercies.' With that thought
in my mind, I speak to the poor child
as a sister might, and she feels the
warmth and the sympathy; and the
way she gets off her high horse is
truly surprising. For quite awhile
she'll serve me zealously—not with
eye service—then nature'll crop out
again. But, child, nature can make
no headway ag'in grace. And when
I humbly ask the Father of us all to
show me my own sins, and to keep
me from being self-righteous, He
gives me grace."

The young matron who began the
conversation knit her pretty brow to
get at grandmother's meaning. She

had a sweet, candid face, and quick
intelligence.

"I see what you mean," she said.
"You try to love Maggy as you love
yourself—not to be any harder on
her faults than you are on your own."
"Well," said grandmother, smiling
archly, "she is my nearest neighbor."

Young Mrs. Littlefield walked
across the meadows in a very thought-
ful frame of mind. She had been
exact with her own kitchen Kate
the day before, and the girl had been
very trying in consequence. The
mistress reviewed the situation as
she followed the footpath in the wind-
ings.

"I have been cross all this week,"
she said to herself, "and I know why.
Jack was right this morning, though
I thought at the time he was as cruel
as he could be. It is perfectly true,
though, I did tire myself out getting
that new suit to wear Sunday. Then
I was cross to Kate, and she was dis-
respectful, and Jack wouldn't sympa-
thize, and made sarcastic remarks
about my spiritual garments, love
humility, etc.; said he hoped the per-
fect fit of the new suit would make
up for the condition of that sort of
underwear. Yes, he was perfectly
right, though, maybe, not perfectly
charitable himself."

Kate looked up with a sullen ex-
pression as her mistress entered the
kitchen. The girl was ironing, and
was tired and heated. She had
evidently been cherishing discontented
thoughts, and comparing her lot
with that of her mistress. There had
been but little in her past but hard
work; her future promised no change.
She was discouraged and defiant.

The mistress read the mind of the
maid with sufficient accuracy. Sym-
pathy makes us wonderfully intuitive,
and for the moment Mrs. Littlefield
truly sympathized with her kitchen
maid.

"Kate," she said presently, "grand-
mother promised me some of her cur-
rant jelly; go over and bring it home
for me, please. You needn't hurry
back. I'll get tea; there isn't much
to do."

The voice was sweet and harmoni-
ous; the "please" had a most persua-
sive sound. The girl experienced an
instant change of mood.

"I'll do these last pieces, ma'am,"
she said, as her flat-iron flew over the
damp linen.

In the little vista opening before
her there was pleasure enough to
make her forget all her discouragement.
Freedom out of doors on a
sunny, fresh afternoon! "You needn't
hurry—I'll get tea"—there was every-
thing in the words, spoken as they
were from a sister heart, and such,
for the time at least, was Mrs. Little-
field's.

When Katie, after a restful stroll,
reached grandmother's, the good old
lady made her take off her hat and
have tea in the kitchen with Maggy,
whom nobody but her present mis-
tress could manage. The girls ex-
changed confidences as they sipped
their tea and ate the good bread that
Maggy had learned to make through
tribulation.

"She seems to think I'm folks
same's she is," said Maggy, speaking
of her mistress. "She seems to think
crossness and pudgekiness is the same
in her as in me. Once, when she
spoke as she hadn't order, she asked
as I would pardon her. She did,
true as I'm a settin' here!"

Kate's reply was hopeful as regard-
ed her own mistress. In those two
households there was a steady growth
in the direction of making good ser-
vants, because the method followed
was rooted in a true principle.—Sel.

Cheerfulness can become a habit,
and habits sometimes help us over
hard places. A cheerful heart seeth
cheerful things.

A lady and a gentleman were in a
lumber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-
smelling river.

The lady said: "How good the
pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed this gen-
tleman, "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied,
"I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we,
can carry the principle through our
entire living, we shall have the cheer-
ful heart, the cheerful voice and
cheerful face. There is in some
houses an unconscious atmosphere of
domestic and social ozone which
brightens everybody. Wealth can-
not give it, nor can poverty take it
away.—Miss Muloch.

"I never turn out for seconds,"
said a bully meeting a Quaker, and
stepping up squarely before him to
inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the
Quaker, and placidly took the other
side of the way.

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A Song of Trust.

We have no care, my soul and I,
We travel light and free;
For all the burdens on my soul
I laid, dear Lord, on thee.

I fear not for this day's event,
Nor for the coming days;
For time and all eternity
Lie full within thy gaze.

Wide are his wings spread overhead,
His hand how firm beneath!
How can I thus encompass fear
Misfortune, pain, or death?

Look up, my soul, and not around
To conjure vague alarms;
Behold thy Father's smile, and feel
The everlasting arms.

Thou lovest me, O holy Christ,
The blessed and the just!
And so, in quiet, calm repose,
I look to thee and trust.

—Florence May Perrine.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

Do not feed grain as an exclusive
diet.

Keep chickens away from low,
damp places if you would avoid the
gapes.

If chickens trail their wings or be-
come droopy, look for lice. In nine
cases out of ten they are the cause.

A remedy for a lice-infested hen-
house is burning sulphur in it. The
house must be tight and all the ven-
tilators closed; then put a pound of
sulphur on some live coals and close
the door tightly, and leave it closed
for an hour or more.

Sunflower seed, it is well known,
is a good egg-producing food for
chickens; it is also fine food to give
the plumage a glossy appearance for
exhibition purposes. The Russian
sunflower is very productive, and may
be planted in fence corners or out-of-
the-way places.

When the flesh is the desirable ob-
ject to be attained, feed the grains
which contain the elements that make
fat. Indian corn contains seven per
cent of fat-producing elements, while
oats contain only six per cent. But
if a thrifty condition is most desir-
able, feed largely with oats, because
oats contain two per cent. more of the
albuminoids, or muscle-producing
elements, than corn. Wheat, bran
and skim milk are each chemically
considered quite close in resemblance
to the white of the egg, which fact
suggests their use in the food for lay-
ing hens.

If the poultry house is kept clear
of filth, there will be much less dan-
ger of disease. Clear away the dropp-
ings and scatter dry earth and land
plaster over the floor. Add the filth,
when removed, to the manure heap;
it will be of more service thus than
if kept in barrels. It is often the
presence of lice and filth that drives
hens to roost in trees instead of the
henhouse.—New York Observer.

FOR A GOOD COMPLEXION.

Fresh, rare beef makes good blood
and is an easily digested food. Fruits
should be used liberally, with vegeta-
bles, cereals and milk, and occa-
sional indulgence in sweets may be
permitted. Nothing is better for the
complexion than oatmeal and oranges.
Take for breakfast, oranges with a
dish of oatmeal; two or more oranges
for luncheon, with a piece of rare
beefsteak; and for dinner, oranges
with rare roast beef. This is perhaps
not a very inviting menu, but it will
make an unsightly complexion beau-
tiful in an incredibly short time; and
where is the woman or girl who will
not endure much to acquire this?
The Italian women have superb com-
plexions with marvelous coloring.
Their food consists largely of coarse
Indian meal and other coarse-grained
cereals, with oranges. By way of
caution let me add, don't eat too
much; many ailments of the body
and skin come from overeating.—
Demorest's.

Here's an idea: Take a pine kitchen
table—you needn't guild it—turn it
upside down and put casters on the
under side; add strips of wood two
inches wide, the first eight, the sec-
ond twelve inches from the floor, and
there is your box. Next, pad the
strips and the legs, and cover with
gray cretonne; then, with a mattress
of cotton in a cheese-cloth slip, you
have a Pullman palace car for baby.
Tie the toys to the slats with long
tapes, and all you have to do is to
put the baby inside and keep him
there without crying.—Boston Traveler.

A good lady once remarked to Dr.
Adams that his sermons were a little
too long. "Ah, sister," said he, "I'm
afraid you don't like the 'sincere milk
of the Word.'" "Yes, I do," said
she, "but you know the fashion now-
a-days is condensed milk."

He who knows how to lead well is
sure to be well followed.

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THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

Spring Valley school, E. W. Jenney Superintendent, observed Christmas with a very enjoyable concert, and made a contribution of \$4.55 to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. This was in addition to a good amount sent in on Children's Day.

The primary class of our Moreno school, Mrs. Walcott teacher, is being led out into cheerful giving. Its Christmas "bank" declared a dividend of \$4.60, and was divided equally between the foreign mission and the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Those children have the right estimate of things; "Save America's children while trying to save the world." A part of their gift has already gone, in the shape of five Bibles, to deserving children in a little mission school in the mountains of San Diego county.

Sunday, 14th inst., Superintendent Case visited the schools and preached to good audiences at both Rochester and Pleasant Valley. In both communities, though the number of families is small, a strong desire for regular preaching services exists—the natural outgrowth of the Sunday-school influences. In Pleasant Valley, a good subscription has already been made toward permanent Congregational work, under the care of Missionary Brainerd.

One county Sunday-school that lacks a permanent teacher for a large Bible class is trying the experiment of "rotation in office," calling to the chair as leader or teacher one or another of its members each Sunday.

Brother Superintendent, please send in the statistics as requested. Some of you are always prompt, but other statistics are long delayed. Stir up your Secretary again before the last of January.

Those unused and read-out Sunday-school library books—send in the list of them to Superintendent Case, and perhaps he can put you in the way of an exchange. At least, he can tell you where they could be donated with good results.

BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.—With the lessons of the first half of the current year comes the need of some knowledge of Bible geography. It is not worth while to spend time on speculating whether the Garden of Eden was in Chaldea, the lost "Atlantis," or the yet uncharted territory surrounding the North Pole. But it is worth while to trace the geography of these Old Testament lessons from Ararat to Palestine. Topography, distances and directions can be known, and when known help to make the historical truth of the Bible more real to the scholar. While our Pilgrim Quarterlies have good maps, the teacher and advanced scholar should have the use of such a work as "Hurlburt's Biblical Geography." It is a complete work, and of the latest authority.

A MINISTERS' MEETING.

Everybody remembers Hawthorne's "Sunday at Home"; and some of us remember how we have sometimes thought the gloomy author ought to have been ashamed of himself for staying at home from church that Sunday, even though it were true, as he said, that, "though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats have left their souls at home." Some of us nowadays take our forms almost constantly to church, and try to take our souls along, too. We are there most of the time on Sunday, and frequently during the week. "Was it worth while to rear this massive edifice, to be a desert in the heart of the town, and populous only for a few hours of each seventh day?" mused Mr. Hawthorne. It is evident that this man who sat behind drawn curtains, and putting his eye to a peep-hole, wrote of what he saw going on outside his dwelling, lived before the days of the "institutional church." We are all becoming enamored now, in one way or another, with the "institutional" idea. We must keep the church doors open all the time, and keep something going on there.

The doors of the First church, San Bernardino, were open when we arrived there last Monday morning. If ever there is a time in all the week when church doors might reasonably remain closed, it is surely on Monday morning; but these doors were open, and eleven ministers came from almost as many different fields, to hold a Monday morning meeting. How many of them were "blue," how many of them had a headache, how many of them were "very weary," was not reported. But there they were, and they had a good meeting. Perhaps the names of these Monday workers should be published to the world: There was Hunt, who came from the orange groves of Riverside; Knodell and Lucas, who live and work where they must endure hardness as good

soldiers; Norton, whose heart has been in the Highlands, and who has captured many Highland hearts, but is soon to go down to that low-land city beside the sea, which was founded by Roman Catholic missionaries in 1769; Tracy, the hard-working pastor of the Church of Noble Benevolences at Ontario; Emerson, from Moreno, where there is as yet no rustiness, because all things there are new, and not so much rusticity as in some places, because most of the people came from New Haven, Conn.; Brainerd, from almost any locality that can be reached by a man on a wheel; Williams and Spoor, from that other place of homes amid orange groves, Redlands; Phillips, a visiting brother from somewhere, who announced himself as "a conservative," and was heartily welcomed; and one other, who is the fortunate pastor of one of the best churches of less than one hundred members in all Southern California.

And what did these eleven ministers do in their Monday morning Ministers' Meeting?

The temporary chairman being absent, Rev. T. C. Hunt was called to the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Phillips. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The Committee on Organization reported a constitution, which was adopted. The following officers were chosen for one year: President, Rev. A. E. Tracy; Vice-President, Rev. J. H. Williams; Secretary, Rev. W. N. Burr; Committee on Program—Rev. T. C. Hunt, Rev. J. R. Knodell and the scribe.

According to the program, the next exercise was to have been reports of the work of the previous day from each one present; but the time allotted to these reports had been encroached upon, and but three of them were heard—San Bernardino First; San Bernardino Bethel; and Highland.

The chief interest of the morning centered upon the paper on "The Duty of the Church Toward Unconverted Adults," which was given by Rev. J. H. Williams. The fact of the too exclusive dwelling upon child-conversion in our Church work was pointed out, and the need for more effort to bring in the unconverted adults was emphasized. With this in view, the writer of the paper pleaded: (1) For more use of the Word; (2) for more trained workers among the church members; (3) for more preaching on the enormity of sin. The discussion which followed revealed the fact that all present were in sympathy with the suggestions of the paper, and that more than one pastor is coming to feel that there is danger of confining effort for conversions too much to the children and young people.

According to the newly-adopted constitution, the name of this organization of ministers is "The Congregational Ministers' Union of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties." The next meeting will be held in the First church, San Bernardino, on the third Monday of February, at 10 A. M.

W. N. BURR, Secretary.

N. B.—He who sends this report has not drawn it out to an unreasonable length because of an abundance of time; he knows not what to do with, but because the Southern page is not being filled with Southern matter, as it should be.

PULPIT POWER.

The great teachers of the Church, inspired and uninspired, who have left their impress upon their own and upon succeeding ages—Moses, Elijah, Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards—have been men with a complete theology. They had one-sided views of God, and they did not teach an emasculated gospel. The God whom they set forth was one whose love and mercy are balanced by his truth and justice. If some of them gave prominence to the sterner attributes of God and to the severer aspects of the truth, it was, in part, because some special corruption of their times demanded such a presentation of the truth.

The great preachers of the Church have exhibited the same characteristics in their public utterances—Simon Peter, Luther, Baxter, Bunyan, Whitefield, Wesley, Spurgeon. They were men who did not shun to declare all the counsel of God. They believed, and, therefore, spoke. They believed with John, that "whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and whosoever believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." And they painted that wrath in lurid colors as the background for their glowing and passionate representations of the infinite love of God in Jesus Christ. They believed that "by the law is the knowledge of sin," and that some degree of "law work" is necessary to an intelligent and cordial reception of the "free grace of the gospel." The great antithetic truths which, like Ebal and Gerizim, stand over against each other in the gospel, resounding

alternately with "the blessing" and "the cursing," reappear with equal prominence in their sermons, and were the themes and motives by which they besought men to become reconciled unto God. Thus they preached law and grace, the wrath of God and the love of God, man's total ruin and God's full and free redemption, "warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom," and striving if that by any means they might save some. And thus they made full proof of their ministry.

At the present day there is an enervated moral sense which is not only lowering the tone of individual character, but is loosening the bonds of social order. The fearful increase of pauperism, suicides and crimes of every description, is evidence of the fact that the times are out of joint. But there is a surer sign of a sinking moral barometer, in the skeptical thought which prevails in society, and is boldly enunciated in our periodical literature, and in scientific and theological teachings. And it is not "the cranks" only who are now predicting a storm, but wiser philosophers are scanning the horizon with looks of anxiety and alarm.

Any one who has lived long enough to make the comparison can see that the gospel has most much of its old-time grip upon the consciences of men. In preaching, it is difficult to fasten the word of conviction "in a sure place," because there is no sure place in which it fasteneth. Much of the material upon which the gospel works is so soft that it will not hold, or so hard that it rebounds without leaving even a dint. The sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost elicited the spontaneous cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Much of the revival preaching of the present day requires the most urgent and persistent efforts to force any manifestation of feeling, whether by public sign or written signature. If the gospel which Paul preached does not now "commend itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God," it is because conscience is asleep, or because it is "another gospel" that is being preached; and which is it?

Our opinion is that there is truth in both of these suppositions. Certainly, the average preaching of the day is deficient in some of the important elements of pulpit power. The law of God, the justice of God, man's sin, man's ruin, man's danger, the fact that "death ends all," so far as man's chance of salvation is concerned, are not preached, or are preached in a halting way. Some of the vital truths of the gospel are thus ignored, or are preached with a hesitation which conveys the same doubt and hesitation to the minds of the hearers. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, shall we prepare ourselves for the battle?"

It has been said repeatedly that if Jonathan Edwards were to preach the same sermon which he preached more than a century ago, and which so alarmed his hearers as to take many of them off from their seats, they would produce no such effects in this more "enlightened and liberal" age. We heard recently a different estimate of the preaching of that mighty man of God. It was that if those sermons were preached to-day they would have a similar effect, but that it would require a Jonathan Edwards to produce them; that "only Jove can wield the thunderbolts of Jove." But in the event, the gospel which Edwards preached with such mighty power, and marvelous results is essentially the same as that which is entrusted to every minister of Christ. It has not changed its real character, nor has human nature changed in its profoundest needs. And, if it is to produce deep and lasting results upon individual character, and upon the social state, it must be preached with the same discriminating clearness and uncompromising fidelity. To preach a gospel of reconciliation and peace to men who have no proper sense of sin, of alienation and ruin, is like giving that which is holy unto dogs, and casting the pearls of heavenly wisdom before swine.

It is said that preaching the justice of God and "hell-fire" will not save men. Nor will the cry of "fire" in the night save men from the flames which are ready to devour them; but it will awaken them from their sleep, and give them a chance to escape from their burning dwelling. And so the preaching of "the wrath to come," a wrath which may take effect at any time upon any sinner, will awaken some of them from their sleep in sin, and impel them to escape to the shelter of Him who is a "stronghold for the prisoners of hope."

May God help His ministers, in this day of halting opinions and deadened moral sense, to "cry aloud and spare not"; to bring their hearers, if need be, under the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, that they may be more ready to listen to the voices of love and mercy which speak in melting tones from Calvary. SENEX.

SAN DIEGO.

HOME MISSIONS.

The receipts of the Congregational Home Missionary Society for the first nine months of its current financial year were \$109 less than those of the corresponding months of the previous year. So reported its Treasurer at a meeting held January 2d. A shrinkage in receipts of 35 per cent.—more than one-third. If the deficiency should continue at the same rate till the end of the year—what then? The receipts for the whole year 35 per cent. less—what does it mean?

It certainly means no advance in our work for the year to come. The Executive Committee of the Society had met to consider its apportionments for the coming year to the several districts and departments of its field when this report of the Treasurer was made. With this shrinkage staring them in the face, they could make no apportionment. They arrived at one decision—that no enlargement of the work could be thought of. They were compelled to shut their ears to multitudinous cries for enlargement coming from every quarter of our country, because the gifts of the churches gave them no encouragement to go forward. The new work of the South, whose opening was hailed with so much satisfaction, must not be aided to grow; it must be starved and stunted in its infancy. The work of Christianizing and Americanizing our immigrant population, who speak other tongues—a work desperately needed and most promising in its outlook—this work, so lately started, must be checked in the enthusiasm of its forward movement. And elsewhere throughout our country numberless waiting fields must be left to the wild growths of evil, because no more laborers can be sent to break up the fallow ground and sow the seeds of righteousness.

There has been a wonderful growth in the work of our Society during the sixty-eight years of its history. This growth "is the promised fruitage of faithful sowing and culture of the seed of the kingdom, by men whom the Lord has called to, and divinely endowed for, this spiritual husbandry." The work is the Lord's work, given to us in charge. The richest blessings of our own earthly lives, and the brightest prospects for the heavenly, are a heritage from this same work.

"Can it be allowed to stand still without the basest ingratitude and disloyalty, along with the most shameful folly? Surely not, except upon the clearest proof that the churches and friends have given to the full limit of their ability. But, who believes that the limit either of ability or willingness has been reached, or nearly approached?" Who doubts that the treasury of our Society would overflow far beyond the present call for outlay, if all the careless and self-indulgent expenditures made even in these times of financial stringency by our church members were devoted to this work? It is safe to affirm that even the tobacco bill of our churches is far greater than the amount needed to relieve the shortage in home mission receipts.

But our Executive Committee at New York are waiting to hear from the churches before they can venture to appropriate enough to continue even the present volume of work. If the churches continue to say, by their contributors, only two-thirds as much work as last year, the apportionment for next year's work must be made accordingly. "This means displacing from their loved employ consecrated men called thereto by the voice of God; disheartening young churches in growing communities, weakening their faith in the missionary spirit, and so in religion itself; opening doors for teachers of error, and so shaping for evil the future of those fields that might be bright with gospel-harvests."

But Southern California has fallen still farther behind its previous record. Thus far, it has contributed only about half as much as during the corresponding months of last year. If we do not redeem ourselves during the next two months, our vote will stand either that many of our aided churches must die, or that our already poverty-stricken missionaries must endure further martyrdom through our neglect.

RECENT PHASES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Without doubt, the most remarkable of recent developments is the Junior Endeavor work movement. A series of articles by successful Junior workers will soon find a place in this column.

To-day let us look at Christian endeavor as it stands related to missionary endeavor. In the beginning, the one thought of this movement was spiritual self-culture. So, at least, says Dr. Clark, its founder. Fifty boys and girls had come to Christ, and to keep them from slipping away he formed the Christian Endeavor Society, with no thought of its going beyond the limits of his own parish. Its success was a surprise from the

first; yet it was a success confined principally to Christians. Not much was made of associate membership or of bringing others to Christ. Look over the record of the first five years, and you will agree with me that its principle thought of rejoicing was, We grow. But watch carefully the next three years, and you will find the stress being laid not on numbers added to the societies, but on the number brought to Christ and into the church; on the number of associate members brought to Christ and into active membership. With the Minneapolis convention and the introduction of the Fulton pledge we find a new element introduced into the Endeavor world. This may be called the Missionary Era. Each of the last three years have seen a great increase in the number of those societies which enlist in some form of missionary endeavor. Under this inspiration, hospitals are visited, missionary meetings are held, and missionary offerings made. To represent this progress pictorially, I would refer first to a picture often seen, whose title is "Clinging to the Cross." The representation was of a form of a woman with both hands thrown over the arms of a cross, which was planted on a large rock which lifted itself from the angry waters, whose billows beat against the rock and whose white foam gleamed like the teeth of some wild beast snapping for the prey which was above its reach. But safe and secure the saved one was clinging to the cross. That, I say, represents the first stage of this great movement. But a second picture hangs upon my walls, and has supplanted the first. It represents the same cross, the same woman, the same rock, and the same angry waters; but now the woman has but one arm thrown over the cross, while with the other she is drawing up from the waters a sister who in but a moment more would have gone down to death. This represents the second stage of Christian Endeavor. The third stage would not be unlike the second, only in this, that those drawn up from many waters and brought to the saving cross are unlike the saved ones; are of darker skin perhaps, or of more sin-stained life. They are the souls "benighted" to whom the Lamp of Life has been hitherto denied. It is these "far-off" ones—these have been robbed and wounded from having fallen among thieves, that Christian Endeavor now aims to reach. It has at last accepted Christ's definition of my neighbor. Let us rejoice in this at our coming celebration of Christian Endeavor Day. Let us exalt the sacrifices that we are asked to make, and cast our bread upon the waters. For some missionary cause let an offering be made. No observance of the day will be complete without this.

We all know the stress which was brought upon us by the recent debt upon the American Board of Foreign Missions, and we rejoice that the response to that appeal is meeting the emergency. Our Home Mission Society of California is battling with the waves, and needs the aid of its young people just now to enable it to reach safe anchorage March 31st, free from debt. With your aid, young people, it can be done. An offering of \$10 places the name of each contributing society on the Cleveland Roll of Honor at the next Convention. Try for that amount, and if you don't reach it the first time, try twice.

BEN. F. SARGENT,
Ch'm of Endeavor Com. of Gen'l Ass'n.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 4TH. GEN. XII: 1-9.

Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.
Golden Text.—"I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing" (V. 2).

There are three names used in Scripture to designate that nation which God chose to be his "peculiar people." The earliest of these names is that which was applied to them at the period of our lesson, about B. C. 1920, for we find Abram termed "the Hebrew" in Gen. xiv: 13. The name "Hebrew" is supposed to have been derived from Eber, who is spoken of in Gen. xi: 24, the common ancestor of the race. In those days men were called from some prominent trait of character, or valiant deed, and it is said that "Eber," which signifies "one who has crossed a river," was so called because he crossed the river Euphrates in journeying in search of a country in which to abide. Hence, the patronymic, Hebrew.

Some time later we meet the term "Israelite," derived, as we all know, from the name "Israel," which the angel of the Lord gave to Jacob after his wrestling with him at Peniel (Gen. xxxi: 28). Israel, a soldier of God, from whom come the Israelites. Last of all, we meet the term "Jew" signifying a member of the kingdom of Judah, after the kingdoms of Judah and Israel had been separated by the secession of the ten tribes. The name in this form is first found in II Kings xvi: 6. It is well to have these points fixed in our minds, as there is, generally speaking, no little confusion in the use of these different names. But it may also be well to note that the name "Hebrew" designates the whole people as a race, while "Israelite" is applied to them as a nation, "Jew" being

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a name given to that people in respect to their religion. As this people, at the period of our lesson, had not developed into a nation, but existed, probably, as a tribe, perhaps more or less nomadic, we properly view them under their racial name "Hebrew." Previous to this time they were idolaters, for we are told (Joshua xxiv: 2) that Terah, the father of Abram, "served other gods." Here we have the key to the whole lesson. God was desirous to preserve his truth in the world, and so he selected Abram—faithful Abram—as the father of a nation which should worship and serve him.

I. *The Separation of Abram.* (Vs. 1-3.) Consecration to the service of God always involves separation from the world and from worldly living. "In the world, but not of it." And so we find that when God calls any one of the sons of men to be his servants in any great work, he "sets them apart," separates them unto himself. In the Levitical service of the tabernacle God "set apart" one tribe to serve him before all the people—that tribe was Levi. From it he "chose out" one family, Aaron's, to be priests, and from the sons of Aaron one man to be a high priest. And down, in later times, the Holy Spirit says to the Church at Antioch, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them" (Acts xiii: 2). In the call of Abram there was involved separation from his country, his kindred, and his home. Here we have a glimpse of the spiritual condition of the world in the days of Abram. There must have been a widespread and awful falling away from the worship of the true and living God.

Notwithstanding the terrible lesson of the flood, men turned from Him. The judgment of the Almighty on that occasion was remembered but a short time, and now idolatry was prevalent. But God will preserve a knowledge of his truth in the world, and he calls Abram from the midst of his darkened and corrupt race, and saved him like another Noah, to be the beginning of a new and peculiar people. The summons is peremptory, "Get thee out!" There must be no tarrying; to linger is to be lost. We remember also the case of the three would-be disciples of our Lord, and the answers he gave them. (Luke ix: 57-62.) But God also strengthens Abram in his going out. He promises his constant guidance and blessing. It required good, strong faith in Abram to leave home and friends, but Abram had other trials of faith; and in his case, as in all, faith becomes stronger by its being tried, just as iron becomes stronger by its being often worked. So we should not murmur nor pine, if, in the providence of God, some things fall upon us that we think might have been spared us. They are meant to strengthen our faith; and, though it seems hard, we should "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations"; i. e., trials of faith. Abram's faith was equal to the call, and he went forth with blessings of God upon him.

II. *The Obedience of Abram.* (Vs. 4-6.) To obey is better than sacrifice (I Sam. xv: 22), and Abram showed that his faith was well grounded by going forth upon the promises of God. How often does God impress upon us the duty of yielding him implicit obedience, and how unreasonable, after all the experience that man has had of God's faithfulness, how unreasonable to doubt him! The first sin in the world was that of disobedience, transgressing God's divine command; the greatest sin in the world to-day is disobedience, the violation of God's laws and of our Lord's commandments, to believe in Him and live. On the one hand we have the three Christian graces—belief in God, faith in God, and obedience to God; and springing from these all the spiritual blessings and privileges that render life useful, and good, and pure, with the assurance of an entrance into eternal life. While, on the other hand, we see unbelief, distrust, and disobedience, with all their gloomy train of evils that darken the soul and lead to death. As we think of these things, and see their sad results in the world around us, the example of faithful Abram comes across the span of so many centuries, and seems to ask us if, with all the light of a fuller, more blessed, and wider revelation of God than he ever had, we can place ourselves by his side, and go out in obedience to God, "not knowing whether he went." Obedience that will reap the promise must be prompt—no halting between two opinions, no looking back, no attempting to serve two masters. If there is anything that God insists upon in this direction it is thoroughness. With Abram it was a clear cut away from all former fellowship with the ungodly world. Will God be satisfied with any less from us? Even Christ, our Lord, "learned obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. v: 8), and He is our Great Example.

III. *The Covenant Promise to Abram.* (Vs. 7-9.) It was a definite promise of great temporal blessings, and it was a literal title to a great inheritance—"To thy seed will I give this land." The several points to be emphasized in thought are, first, the temporal significance of these verses. The descendants of Abram were to enjoy the inalienable right and title to the land of Canaan. (Gen. xlii: 6.) It was to be theirs forever (Gen. xlii: 15); and yet, underlying this deep truth, we cannot fail to see, as we read (xv: 5), that there was the greater race of spiritual offspring who, by their faith, were to become the children of faithful Abram. The children of the Promise, the type; the children of Faith, the antitype. God's great purpose in thus calling out Abram to preserve a seed to give him honor and praise, to be a monument of his faithfulness and truth, finds its antithesis in the call of Christ's followers to be "the light of the world." The beginning of the Hebrew nation is like the beginning of the Christian Church. Both alike were founded on faith. Abram believed in God as a personal God. The Christian looks to Christ as a personal Saviour and Redeemer. Abram obeyed God and trusted him, receiving the promise. The Christian obeys his Lord, and leans upon him, and has Christ "abiding in him," and in brighter, clearer words he can read his title to a better inheritance, even an heavenly; "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ"; "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," reserved in heaven for such as are kept by God through faith (obeying faith) unto salvation (I Pet. i: 4, 5).

Home Circle.

The Beauty of the Lilies.

Hast thou considered them
Of tender growth and borne on fragile stem?
Not Solomon was so arrayed
With throne of beauty overlaid
With gold and gem.

He loves them well who spake
Their praise, and we may love them for his sake,
He only makes them beautiful,
They have no counter-mood, his rule
They never break.

They toil not, spin not; lo
They drink the sunlight in its overflow;
And by the lilies they receive
And by the beauty which they give
The lilies grow.

—Rev. Dwight Williams.

Then and Now.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Son to the mow,
Girl to the sow, and
The rent was netted.

NOW.

Man tally ho,
Girl piano,
Son Greek and Latin,
Wife silk and satin,
And the farmer gazetted.

—Scottish Farmer.

A SOBER CORNER AT A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

BY MARGARET MONTGOMERY.

"What a charming-looking room!"

"Isn't it?"

"And with what especial elegance the people are dressed!"

"Why shouldn't they be? They're mostly very wealthy. This is just the corner for a little talk; no one will miss us!"

"It was so kind of your aunt to invite me to her tea."

"She is always kind." As soon as she heard you were to stop over a day or so, she quite rejoiced that she had this diversion to offer you.

"Is this a fair sample of your friends in your new home?"

"Oh, no! I know a good many of them a little. Two or three were in college with me. But they are not my friends."

"Didn't they call on you?"

"A good many of them—once."

"Why didn't they call again?"

"Possibly, because I waited a good while before returning their calls. Some of them are not returned yet."

"Why?"

"Because—now tell me what would be the use of my keeping up a calling acquaintance? They are friends of Aunt Mary's, and were very kind and polite about calling when we moved here. But you know Job's turkeys weren't any poorer than we are. So there is no use in my attempting this society. At their homes my card is received on a silver waiter by a liveried dunkey, or at the very least, by a parlor maid. When they call on me, I wipe the dishwater off my hands, and open the door myself; unless, indeed, as happened once, I was outside scrubbing the steps when one grand dame rolled up in her carriage to call. The footman looked tremendously amused—that is, as much amused as a wooden footman dare look."

"Was she pleasant?"

"Oh, very! She was possibly interested in a close observation of the condition and surroundings of the working classes."

"Offered to send you cold pieces, probably?"

"Not quite. No, she even sent me a card to her next big reception."

"Did you go?"

"No; honestly, I was afraid I should meet the footman."

"And you were ashamed of having been seen scrubbing the steps?"

"Of course I wasn't; but I had sense enough to know I'd be out of place at the grand reception. And as for Fred, he is always so tired when he gets home from the office that any reason for staying at home is eagerly grasped at. How could the folks there understand about my kind of life? Some time ago I was telling the cutest, brightest experience of some girl friends of mine who took up a claim in Nebraska and lived on it. One of my listeners expressed at last the blankness they all looked by saying, 'I don't see how they did it. For instance, how did they get the fires made?' How, indeed! How do I get my fires made? and the ashes emptied? and my pots and pans washed? and all the other dirty jobs that must be done by some one? Doing your own work, I think, must mean to them in some misty way making your own coffee for breakfast in a charming pink silk negligee; then writing down on a dainty celluloid tablet, with a gold pencil, what would be nicest for the next meal; riding down to the market in your carriage, and laboriously ordering with your own tongue the articles; and then going home to dust off the parlor table with a silk duster taken out of an embroidered plush dust-bag! Bah! What do they know of scrubbing-brushes, and stoves to be blacked, and vile sinks to be kept clean, and irons that blister your hands? Some of them realize that doing your own work must somehow mean something eminently domestic. So they have struggled to talk domestic affairs to me. One said, 'What do you find to eat for breakfast? The other meals are easy enough, but I never know rice things to have for breakfast. One gets so tired of chops and steaks,

and there seems so little else.' I just ached to paralyze her by saying, 'Well, the matter is simplified at our house, because, if we don't have hash, we have dried beef with milk gravy.' And I further longed to hand her my weekly allowance for the table, and ask her to purchase materials for twenty-one dainty menus with it."

"Why didn't you?"

"She would have been instantly seized with an acute case of heart-failure. A little knot of these people were one day discussing under-clothing. They all arrived at the conclusion that the proper supply to have was nine sets to wear, and nine to lay away. What did they understand of a woman's environments who feels puffed up with pride when she can get as many as three new sets made at one time? Then, too, it was left an open question whether the nicest kind of winter underwear was all silk, or silk and wool. I fairly blushed at the thought of the nice warm cotton-flannel I had put on with such complacency that afternoon. This same afternoon they were talking of shoes. The startling piece of information was given of a certain store, largely patronized by the herd, where very decent-looking shoes could be bought for five dollars—really quite respectable-looking. I paid five dollars for a pair of shoes—once. Those were my wedding shoes. But I felt wicked for two weeks afterward. Do you wonder I don't find them very congenial friends?"

"How queer for cultivated people to spend an afternoon in talking of underclothing and such things!"

"Not so queer as it sounds. It was during an afternoon spent in sewing for some poor people. So kindred subjects came naturally."

"Are they charitable people?"

"Very. You seldom see people give in such delicate ways as some instances that have come to my knowledge."

"Then there is something nice about these people? They look as though they might be nice."

"Something nice about them! I never met more delightful people than some of them—so well educated and cultivated, and having such delightful manners. They are musical and well read."

"A little fast and loud, possibly?"

"No, no! not a bit of it. You don't often see such well-bred people; and many of them are most delightful Christian people."

"Do you enjoy the saving and scripping and the dirty work about your house more than anything else?"

"Why, of course I don't!"

"Do you know, I think you are an awful snob."

"A snob! It's the one thing I'm not! I had a chance to worm myself into a sort of friendship with these people; but I knew just how differently we were situated, and I wasn't such a snob as to do it."

"And you were such a snob that you let money decide your friendships?"

"A snob is one who makes friends because of money."

"A snob is one who makes money the basis of friendship. You are a snob if you make a friend because that friend has money; but you are just as much a snob if you refuse to make one your friend because that one has money. A rich snob can never forget, 'I've got ten dollars in my pocket, while you have only ten cents in yours'; and a poverty-stricken snob just as continually remembers, 'I've only got ten cents in my pocket, while you've got ten dollars in yours.'"

"I—I believe you're right. Isn't it horrid of me? But I really believe that, whenever a woman holds out her hand to me with a smile, I look right past the smile and hunt for her purse. If it looks bulky, I sort of bristle up, and feel: 'You needn't patronize me because I happen to be Aunt Mary's niece! I'm poor, and do my own work. Let me alone. I must have acted abominably to these people, for I felt so. I thought I hated snobs more than anything else in the world. And now to think I'm a snob myself!'"

"Better reform."

"Believe I will! Do pass me that dish of salted almonds."—*Sunday-school Times.*

GRANDMOTHER'S WAY.

"I don't see how you can get along with her, grandmother."

"Easy enough, child," replied the dear old lady, in her round, rich voice; "easy enough."

"Well, how do you do it?"

"I remember my own shortcomings, dearie. I just set them in order before me, as it were. Then I go soft, and I say: 'She's had no chance, and you've been brought up right in the midst of mercies.' With that thought in my mind, I speak to the poor child as a sister might, and she feels the warmth and the sympathy; and the way she gets off her high horse is truly surprising. For quite awhile she'll serve me zealously—not with eye service—then nature'll crop out again. But, child, nature can make no headway ag'in grace. And when I humbly ask the Father of us all to show me my own sins, and to keep me from being self-righteous, He gives me grace."

The young matron who began the conversation knit her pretty brow to get at grandmother's meaning. She

had a sweet, candid face, and quick intelligence.

"I see what you mean," she said. "You try to love Maggy as you love yourself—not to be any harder on her faults than you are on your own."

"Well," said grandmother, smiling archly, "she is my nearest neighbor."

Young Mrs. Littlefield walked across the meadows in a very thoughtful frame of mind. She had been exacting with her own kitchen Kate the day before, and the girl had been very trying in consequence. The mistress reviewed the situation as she followed the footpath in the windings.

"I have been cross all this week," she said to herself, "and I know why. Jack was right this morning, though I thought at the time he was as cruel as he could be. It is perfectly true, though, I did tire myself out getting that new suit to wear Sunday. Then I was cross to Kate, and she was disrespectful, and Jack wouldn't sympathize, and made sarcastic remarks about my spiritual garments, love humility, etc.; said he hoped the perfect fit of the new suit would make up for the condition of that sort of underwear. Yes, he was perfectly right, though, maybe, not perfectly charitable himself."

Kate looked up with a sullen expression as her mistress entered the kitchen. The girl was ironing, and was tired and heated. She had evidently been cherishing discontented thoughts, and comparing her lot with that of her mistress. There had been but little in her past but hard work; her future promised no change. She was discouraged and defiant.

The mistress read the mind of the maid with sufficient accuracy. Sympathy makes us wonderfully intuitive, and for the moment Mrs. Littlefield truly sympathized with her kitchen maid.

"Kate," she said presently, "grandmother promised me some of her currant jelly; go over and bring it home for me, please. You needn't hurry back. I'll get tea; there isn't much to do."

The voice was sweet and harmonious; the "please" had a most persuasive sound. The girl experienced an instant change of mood.

"I'll do these last pieces, ma'am," she said, as her flat-iron flew over the damp linen.

In the little vista opening before her there was pleasure enough to make her forget all her discouragement. Freedom out of doors on a sunny, fresh afternoon! "You needn't hurry—I'll get tea"—there was everything in the words, spoken as they were from a sister heart, and such, for the time at least, was Mrs. Littlefield's.

When Kate, after a restful stroll, reached grandmother's, the good old lady made her take off her hat and have tea in the kitchen with Maggy, whom nobody but her present mistress could manage. The girls exchanged confidences as they sipped their tea and ate the good bread that Maggy had learned to make through tribulation.

"She seems to think I'm folks same's she is," said Maggy, speaking of her mistress. "She seems to think crossness and pudgeiness is the same in her as in me. Once, when she spoke as she hadn't order, she asked as I would pardon her. She did, true as I'm a-settin' here!"

Kate's reply was hopeful as regarded her own mistress. In those two households there was a steady growth in the direction of making good servants, because the method followed was rooted in a true principle.—*Sel.*

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and a gentleman were in a lumber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river.

The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed this gentleman, "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry the principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice and cheerful face. There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—*Miss Mulock.*

"I never turn out for scoundrels," said a bully meeting a Quaker, and stepping up squarely before him to inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

A Song of Trust.

We have no care, my soul and I,
We travel light and free;
For all the burdens on my soul
I laid, dear Lord, on thee.

I fear not for this day's event,
Nor for the coming days;
For time and all eternity
Lie full within thy gaze.

Wide are his wings spread overhead,
His hand how firm beneath!
How can I thus encompass fear?
Misfortune, pain, or death?

Look up, my soul, and not around
To conjure vague alarms;
Behold thy Father's smile, and feel
The everlasting arms.

Thou lovest me, O holy Christ,
The blessed and the just!
And so, in quiet, calm repose,
I look to thee and trust.

—Florence May Perrine.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

Do not feed grain as an exclusive diet.

Keep chickens away from low, damp places if you would avoid the gapes.

If chickens trail their wings or become droopy, look for lice. In nine cases out of ten they are the cause.

A remedy for a lice-infested hen-house is burning sulphur in it. The house must be tight and all the ventilators closed; then put a pound of sulphur on some live coals and close the door tightly, and leave it closed for an hour or more.

Sunflower seed, it is well known, is a good egg-producing food for chickens; it is also fine food to give the plumage a glossy appearance for exhibition purposes. The Russian sunflower is very productive, and may be planted in fence corners or out-of-the-way places.

When the flesh is the desirable object to be attained, feed the grains which contain the elements that make fat. Indian corn contains seven per cent of fat-producing elements, while oats contain only six per cent. But if a thrifty condition is most desirable, feed largely with oats, because oats contain two per cent. more of the albuminoids, or muscle-producing elements, than corn. Wheat, bran and skim milk are each chemically considered quite close in resemblance to the white of the egg, which fact suggests their use in the food for laying hens.

If the poultry house is kept clear of filth, there will be much less danger of disease. Clear away the droppings and scatter dry earth and land plaster over the floor. Add the filth, when removed, to the manure heap; it will be of more service thus than if kept in barrels. It is often the presence of lice and filth that drives hens to roost in trees instead of the henhouse.—*New York Observer.*

FOR A GOOD COMPLEXION.

Fresh, rare beef makes good blood and is an easily digested food. Fruits should be used liberally, with vegetables, cereals and milk, and occasional indulgence in sweets may be permitted. Nothing is better for the complexion than oatmeal and oranges. Take for breakfast, oranges with a dish of oatmeal; two or more oranges for luncheon, with a piece of rare beefsteak; and for dinner, oranges with rare roast beef. This is perhaps not a very inviting menu, but it will make an unsightly complexion beautiful in an incredibly short time; and where is the woman or girl who will not endure much to acquire this? The Italian women have superb complexions with marvelous coloring. Their food consists largely of coarse Indian meal and other coarse-grained cereals, with oranges. By way of caution let me add, don't eat too much; many ailments of the body and skin come from overeating.—*Demorest's.*

Here's an idea: Take a pine kitchen table—you needn't gild it—turn it upside down and put casters on the under side; add strips of wood two inches wide, the first eight, the second twelve inches from the floor, and there is your box. Next, pad the strips and the legs, and cover with gray cretonne; then, with a mattress of cotton in a cheese-cloth slip, you have a Pullman palace car for baby. Tie the toys to the slats with long tapes, and all you have to do is to put the baby inside and keep him there without crying.—*Boston Traveler.*

A good lady once remarked to Dr. Adams that his sermons were a little too long. "Ah, sister," said he, "I'm afraid you don't like the 'sincere milk of the Word.'" "Yes, I do," said she, "but you know the fashion now—a-days is condensed milk."

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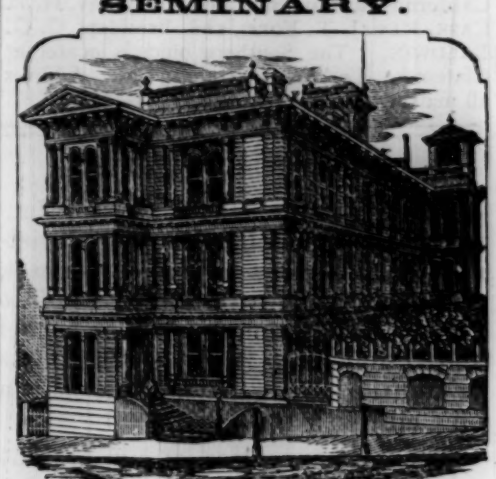
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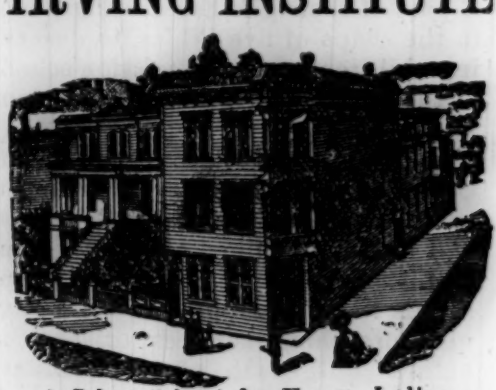
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THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

Spring Valley school, E. W. Jenney Superintendent, observed Christmas with a very enjoyable concert, and made a contribution of \$4.55 to the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. This was in addition to a good amount sent in on Children's Day.

The primary class of our Moreno school, Mrs. Walcott teacher, is being led into cheerful giving. Its Christmas "bank" declared a dividend of \$4.60, and was divided equally between the foreign mission and the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Those children have the right estimate of things; "Save America's children while trying to save the world." A part of their gift has already gone, in the shape of five Bibles, to deserving children in a little mission school in the mountains of San Diego county.

Sunday, 14th inst., Superintendent Case visited the schools and preached to good audiences at both Rochester and Pleasant Valley. In both communities, though the number of families is small, a strong desire for regular preaching services exists—the natural outgrowth of the Sunday-school influences. In Pleasant Valley, a good subscription has already been made toward permanent Congregational work, under the care of Missionary Brainerd.

One county Sunday-school that lacks a permanent teacher for a large Bible class is trying the experiment of "rotation in office," calling to the chair as leader or teacher one or another of its members each Sunday.

Brother Superintendent, please send in the statistics as requested. Some of you are always prompt, but other statistics are long delayed. Stir up your Secretary again before the last of January.

Those unused and read-out Sunday-school library books—send in the list of them to Superintendent Case, and perhaps he can put you in the way of an exchange. At least, he can tell you where they could be donated with good results.

BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.—With the lessons of the first half of the current year comes the need of some knowledge of Bible geography. It is not worth while to spend time on speculating whether the Garden of Eden was in Chaldea, the lost "Atlantis," or the yet uncharted territory surrounding the North Pole. But it is worth while to trace the geography of these Old Testament lessons from Ararat to Palestine. Topography, distances and directions can be known, and when known help to make the historical truth of the Bible more real to the scholar. While our Pilgrim Quarterlies have good maps, the teacher and advanced scholar should have the use of such a work as "Hurlbut's Biblical Geography." It is a complete work, and of the latest authority.

A MINISTERS' MEETING.

Everybody remembers Hawthorne's "Sunday at Home"; and some of us remember how we have sometimes thought the gloomy author ought to have been ashamed of himself for staying at home from church that Sunday, even though it were true, as he said, that, "though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats have left their souls at home." Some of us nowadays take our forms almost constantly to church, and try to take our souls along, too. We are there most of the time on Sunday, and frequently during the week. "Was it worth while to rear this massive edifice, to be a desert in the heart of the town, and populous only for a few hours of each seventh day?" mused Mr. Hawthorne. It is evident that this man who sat behind drawn curtains, and putting his eye to a peep-hole, wrote of what he saw going on outside his dwelling, lived before the days of the "institutional church." We are all becoming enamored now, in one way or another, with the "institutional" idea. We must keep the church doors open all the time, and keep something going on there.

The doors of the First church, San Bernardino, were open when we arrived there last Monday morning. If ever there is a time in all the week when church doors might reasonably remain closed, it is surely on Monday morning; but these doors were open, and eleven ministers came from almost as many different fields, to hold a Monday morning meeting. How many of them were "blue," how many of them had a headache, how many of them were "very weary," was not reported. But there they were, and they had a good meeting. Perhaps the names of these Monday workers should be published to the world: There was Hunt, who came from the orange groves of Riverside; Knodell and Lucas, who live and work where they must endure hardness as good

soldiers; Norton, whose heart has been in the Highlands, and who has captured many Highland hearts, but is soon to go down to that low-land city beside the sea, which was founded by Roman Catholic missionaries in 1769; Tracy, the hard-working pastor of the Church of Noble Benevolences at Ontario; Emerson, from Moreno, where there is as yet no rustiness, because all things there are so new, and not so much rusticity as in some places, because most of the people came from New Haven, Conn.; Brainerd, from almost any locality that can be reached by a man on a wheel; Williams and Spoor, from that other place of homes amid orange groves, Redlands; Phillips, a visiting brother from somewhere, who announced himself as "a conservative," and was heartily welcomed; and one other, who is the fortunate pastor of one of the best churches of less than one hundred members in all Southern California.

And what did these eleven ministers do in their Monday morning Ministers' Meeting?

The temporary chairman being absent, Rev. T. C. Hunt was called to the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Phillips. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The Committee on Organization reported a constitution, which was adopted. The following officers were chosen for one year: President, Rev. J. H. Williams; Vice-President, Rev. A. E. Tracy; Secretary, Rev. W. N. Burr; Committee on Program—Rev. T. C. Hunt, Rev. J. R. Knodell and the scribe.

According to the program, the next exercise was to have been reports of the work of the previous day from each one present; but the time allotted to these reports had been encroached upon, and but three of them were heard—San Bernardino First; San Bernardino Bethel; and Highland.

The chief interest of the morning centered upon the paper on "The Duty of the Church Toward Unconverted Adults," which was given by Rev. J. H. Williams. The fact of the too exclusive dwelling upon child-conversion in our Church work was pointed out, and the need for mere effort to bring in the unconverted adults was emphasized. With this in view, the writer of the paper pleaded: (1) For more use of the Word; (2) for more trained workers among the church members; (3) for more preaching on the enormity of sin. The discussion which followed revealed the fact that all present were in sympathy with the suggestions of the paper, and that more than one pastor is coming to feel that there is danger of confining effort for conversions too much to the children and young people.

According to the newly-adopted constitution, the name of this organization of ministers is "The Congregational Ministers' Union of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties." The next meeting will be held in the First church, San Bernardino, on the third Monday of February, at 10 A. M. W. N. BURR, Secretary.

N. B.—He who sends this report has not drawn it out to an unreasonable length because of an abundance of time; he knows not what to do with, but because the Southern page is not being filled with Southern matter, as it should be.

PULPIT POWER.

The great teachers of the Church, inspired and uninspired, who have left their impress upon their own and upon succeeding ages—Moses, Elijah, Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards—have been men with a complete theology. They had one-sided views of God, and they did not teach an emasculated gospel. The God whom they set forth was one whose love and mercy are balanced by his truth and justice. If some of them gave prominence to the sterner attributes of God and to the severer aspects of the truth, it was, in part, because some special corruption of their times demanded such a presentation of the truth.

The great preachers of the Church have exhibited the same characteristics in their public utterances—Simon Peter, Luther, Baxter, Bunyan, Whitefield, Wesley, Spurgeon. They were men who did not shun to declare all the counsel of God. They believed, and, therefore, spoke. They believed with John, that "whosoever believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and whosoever believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." And they painted that wrath in lurid colors as the background for their glowing and passionate representations of the infinite love of God in Jesus Christ. They believed that "by the law is the knowledge of sin," and that some degree of "law work" is necessary to an intelligent and cordial reception of the "free grace of the gospel." The great antithetic truths which, like Ebal and Gerizim, stand over against each other in the gospel, resounding

alternately with "the blessing" and "the cursing," reappear with equal prominence in their sermons, and were the themes and motives by which they besought men to become reconciled unto God. Thus they preached law and grace, the wrath of God and the love of God, man's total ruin and God's full and free redemption, "warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom," and striving if that by any means they might save some. And thus they made full proof of their ministry.

At the present day there is an enervated moral sense which is not only lowering the tone of individual character, but is loosening the bonds of social order. The fearful increase of pauperism, suicides and crimes of every description, is evidence of the fact that the times are out of joint. But there is a surer sign of a sinking moral barometer, in the skeptical thought which prevails in society, and is boldly enunciated in our periodical literature and in scientific and theological teachings. And it is not "the cranks" only who are now predicting a storm, but wiser philosophers are scanning the horizon with looks of anxiety and alarm.

Any one who has lived long enough to make the comparison can see that the gospel has lost much of its old-time grip upon the consciences of men. In preaching, it is difficult to fasten the nail of conviction "in a sure place," because there is no sure place in which to fasten it. Much of the material upon which the gospel works is so soft that it will not hold, or so hard that it rebounds without leaving even a dint. The sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost elicited the spontaneous cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Much of the revival preaching of the present day requires the most urgent and persistent efforts to force any manifestation of feeling, whether by public sign or written signature. If the gospel which Paul preached does not now "commend itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God," it is because conscience is asleep, or because it is "another gospel" that is being preached; and which is it?

Our opinion is that there is truth in both of these suppositions. Certainly, the average preaching of the day is deficient in some of the important elements of pulpit power. The law of God, the justice of God, man's sin, man's ruin, man's danger, the fact that "death ends all," so far as man's chance of salvation is concerned, are not preached, or are preached in a halting way. Some of the vital truths of the gospel are thus ignored, or are preached with a hesitation which conveys the same doubt and hesitation to the minds of the hearers. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

It has been said repeatedly that if Jonathan Edwards were to preach the same sermon which he preached more than a century ago, and which so alarmed his hearers as to take many of them off from their seats, they would produce no such effects in this more "enlightened and liberal" age. We heard recently a different estimate of the preaching of that mighty man of God. It was that if those sermons were preached to-day they would have a similar effect, but that it would require a Jonathan Edwards to preach them; that "only Jove can wield the thunderbolts of Jove." But in any event, the gospel which Edwards preached with such mighty power and marvelous results is essentially the same as that which is entrusted to every minister of Christ. It has not changed its real character, nor has human nature changed in its profoundest needs. And, if it is to produce deep and lasting results upon individual character, and upon the social state, it must be preached with the same discriminating clearness and uncompromising fidelity. To preach a gospel of reconciliation and peace to men who have no proper sense of sin, of alienation and ruin, is like giving that which is holy unto dogs, and casting the pearls of heavenly wisdom before swine.

It is said that preaching the justice of God and "hell-fire" will not save men. Nor will the cry of "fire" in the night save men from the flames which are ready to devour them; but it will awaken them from their sleep, and give them a chance to escape from their burning dwelling. And so the preaching of "the wrath to come," a wrath which may take effect at any time upon any sinner, will awaken some of them from their sleep in sin, and impel them to escape to the shelter of Him who is a "stronghold for the prisoners of hope."

May God help his ministers, in this day of halting opinions and deadened moral sense, to "cry aloud and spare not," to bring their hearers, if need be, under the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, that they may be more ready to listen to the voices of love and mercy which speak in melting tones from Calvary. SENEX.

SAN DIEGO.

HOME MISSIONS.

The receipts of the Congregational Home Missionary Society for the first nine months of its current financial year were \$109 less than those of the corresponding months of the previous year. So reported its Treasurer at a meeting held January 2d. A shrinkage in receipts of 35 per cent.—more than one-third. If the deficiency should continue at the same rate till the end of the year—what then? The receipts for the whole year 35 per cent. less—what does it mean?

It certainly means no advance in our work for the year to come. The Executive Committee of the Society had met to consider its apportionments for the coming year to the several districts and departments of its field when this report of the Treasurer was made. With this shrinkage staring them in the face, they could make no apportionment. They arrived at one decision—that no enlargement of the work could be thought of. They were compelled to shut their ears to multitudinous cries for enlargement coming from every quarter of our country, because the gifts of the churches gave them no encouragement to go forward. The new work of the South, whose opening was hailed with so much satisfaction, must not be aided to grow; it must be starved and stunted in its infancy. The work of Christianizing and Americanizing our immigrant population, who speak other tongues—a work desperately needed and most promising in its outlook—this work, so lately started, must be checked in the enthusiasm of its forward movement. And elsewhere throughout our country numberless waiting fields must be left to the wild growths of evil, because no more laborers can be sent to break up the fallow ground and sow the seeds of righteousness.

There has been a wonderful growth in the work of our Society during the sixty-eight years of its history. This growth "is the promised fruitage of faithful sowing and culture of the seed of the kingdom, by men whom the Lord has called to, and divinely endowed for, this spiritual husbandry." The work is the Lord's work, given to us in charge. The richest blessings of our own earthly lives, and the brightest prospects for the heavenly, are a heritage from this same work.

"Can it be allowed to stand still without the basest ingratitude and disloyalty, along with the most shameful folly? Surely not, except upon the clearest proof that the churches and friends have given to the full limit of their ability. But, who believes that the limit either of ability or willingness has been reached, or nearly approached?" Who doubts that the treasury of our Society would overflow far beyond the present call for outlay, if all the careless and self-indulgent expenditures made even in these times of financial stringency by our church members were devoted to this work? It is safe to affirm that even the tobacco bill of our churches is far greater than the amount needed to relieve the shortage in home mission receipts.

But our Executive Committee at New York are waiting to hear from the churches before they can venture to appropriate enough to continue even the present volume of work. If the churches continue to say, by their contributors, only two-thirds as much work as last year, the apportionment for next year's work must be made accordingly. "This means displacing from their loved employ consecrated men called thereto by the voice of God; disheartening young churches in growing communities, weakening their faith in the missionary spirit, and so in religion itself; opening doors for teachers of error, and so shaping for evil the future of those fields that might be bright with gospel harvests."

But Southern California has fallen still farther behind its previous record. Thus far, it has contributed only about half as much as during the corresponding months of last year. If we do not redeem ourselves during the next two months, our vote will stand either that many of our aided churches must die, or that our already poverty-stricken missionaries must endure further martyrdom through our neglect.

RECENT PHASES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Without doubt, the most remarkable of recent developments is the Junior Endeavor work movement. A series of articles by successful Junior workers will soon find a place in this column.

To-day let us look at Christian endeavor as it stands related to missionary endeavor. In the beginning, the one thought of this movement was spiritual self-culture. So, at least, says Dr. Clark, its founder. Fifty boys and girls had come to Christ, and to keep them from slipping away he formed the Christian Endeavor Society, with no thought of its going beyond the limits of its own parish. Its success was a surprise from the

first; yet it was a success confined principally to Christians. Not much was made of associate membership or of bringing others to Christ. Look over the record of the first five years, and you will agree with me that its principle thought of rejoicing was, "We grow." But watch carefully the next three years, and you will find the stress being laid not on numbers added to the societies, but on the number brought to Christ and into the church; on the number of associate members brought to Christ and into active membership. With the Minneapolis convention and the introduction of the Fulton pledge we find a new element introduced into the Endeavor world. This may be called the Missionary Era. Each of the last three years have seen a great increase in the number of those societies which enlist in some form of missionary endeavor. Under this inspiration, hospitals are visited, missionary meetings are held, and missionary offerings made. To represent this progress pictorially, I would refer first to a picture often seen, whose title is "Clinging to the Cross." The representation was of a form of a woman with both hands thrown over the arms of a cross, which was planted on a large rock which lifted itself from the angry waters, whose billows beat against the rock and whose white foam gleamed like the teeth of some wild beast snapping for the prey which was above its reach. But safe and secure the saved one was clinging to the cross. That, I say, represents the first stage of this great movement. But a second picture hangs upon my walls, and has supplanted the first. It represents the same cross, the same woman, the same rock, and the same angry waters; but now the woman has but one arm thrown over the cross, while with the other she is drawing up from the waters a sister who in but a moment more would have gone down to death. This represents the second stage of Christian Endeavor. The third stage would not be unlike the second, only in this, that those drawn up from many waters and brought to the saving cross are unlike the saved ones; are of darker skin perhaps, or of more sin-stained life. They are the souls "benighted" to whom the Lamp of Life has been hitherto denied. It is these "far-off" ones—these have been robbed and wounded from having fallen among thieves, that Christian Endeavor now aims to reach. It has at last accepted Christ's definition of my neighbor. Let us rejoice in this at our coming celebration of Christian Endeavor Day. Let us exalt the sacrifices that we are asked to make, and cast our bread upon the waters. For some missionary cause let an offering be made. No observance of the day will be complete without this.

We all know the stress which was brought upon us by the recent debt upon the American Board of Foreign Missions, and we rejoice that the response to that appeal is meeting the emergency. Our Home Mission Society of California is battling with the waves, and needs the aid of its young people just now to enable it to reach safe anchorage March 31st, free from debt. With your aid, young people, it can be done. An offering of \$10 places the name of each contributing society on the Cleveland Roll of Honor at the next Convention. Try for that amount, and if you don't reach it the first time, try twice.

BEN. F. SARGENT,
Ch'm of Endeavor Com. of Gen'l Ass'n.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 4TH.
GEN. XII: 1-9.

Beginning of the Hebrew Nation.
BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—"I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing" (V. 2).

There are three names used in Scripture to designate that nation which God chose to be his "peculiar people." The earliest of these is that which was applied to them at the period of our lesson, about B. C. 1920, for we find Abram termed "the Hebrew" in Gen. xiv: 13. The name "Hebrew" is supposed to have been derived from Eber, who is spoken of in Gen. x: 24, the common ancestor of the race. In those days men were called from some prominent trait of character, or valiant deed, and it is said that "Eber," which signifies "one who has crossed a river," was so called because he crossed the river Euphrates in journeying in search of a country in which to abide. Hence, the patronymic, Hebrew.

Some time later we meet the term "Israelite," derived, as we all know, from the name "Israel," which the angel of the Lord gave to Jacob after his wrestling with him at Peniel (Gen. xxx: 28). Israel, a soldier of God, from whom come the Israelites. Last of all, we meet the term "Jew" signifying a member of the kingdom of Judah, after the kingdoms of Judah and Israel had been separated by the secession of the ten tribes. The name in this form is first found in II Kings xvi: 6. It is well to have these points fixed in our minds, as there is, generally speaking, no little confusion in the use of these different names. But it may also be well to note that the name "Hebrew" designates the whole people as a race, while "Israelite" is applied to them as a nation, "Jew" being

a name given to that people in respect to their religion. As this people, at the period of our lesson, had not developed into a nation, but existed, probably, as a tribe, perhaps more or less nomadic, we properly view them under their racial name "Hebrew." Previous to this time they were idolaters, for we are told (Joshua xxiv: 2) that Terah, the father of Abram, "served other gods." Here we have the key to the whole lesson. God was desirous to preserve his truth in the world, and so he selected Abram—faithful Abram—as the father of a nation which should worship and serve him.

I. The Separation of Abram. (Vs. 1-3.) Consolation to the service of God always involves separation from the world and from worldly living. "In the world, but not of it." And so we find that when God calls any one of the sons of men to be his servants in any great work, he "sets them apart," separates them unto himself. In the Levitical service of the tabernacle God "set apart" one tribe to serve him before all the people—that tribe was Levi. From it he "chose out" one family, Aaron's, to be priests, and from the sons of Aaron one man to be a high priest. And down, in later times, the Holy Spirit says to the Church at Antioch, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work wherunto I have called them" (Acts xiii: 2). In the call of Abram there was involved separation from his country, his kindred, and his home. Here we have a glimpse of the spiritual condition of the world in the days of Abram. There have been a widespread and awful falling away from the worship of the true and living God.

Notwithstanding the terrible lesson of the flood, men turned from Him. The judgment of the Almighty on that occasion was remembered but a short time, and now idolatry was prevalent. But God will preserve a knowledge of his truth in the world, and he calls Abram from the midst of his darkened and corrupt race, and saved him like another Noah, to be the beginning of a new and peculiar people. The summons is peremptory, "Get thee out!" There must be no tarrying; to linger is to be lost. We remember also the case of the three would-be disciples of our Lord, and the answers he gave them. (Luke ix: 57-62.) But God also strengthens Abram in his going out. He promises his constant guidance and blessing. It required good, strong faith in Abram to leave home and friends, but Abram had other trials of faith; and in his case, as in all, faith becomes stronger by its being tried, just as iron becomes stronger by its being often worked. So we should not murmur nor pine, if, in the providence of God, some things fall upon us that we might have been spared us. They are meant to strengthen our faith; and, though it seems hard, we should "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations"; i. e., trials of faith. Abram's faith was equal to the call, and he went forth with blessings of God upon him.

II. The Obedience of Abram. (Vs. 4-6.) To obey is better than sacrifice (I Sam. xv: 22), and Abram showed that his faith was well grounded by going forth upon the promises of God. How often does God impress upon us the duty of yielding him implicit obedience, and how unreasonable, after all the experience that man has had of God's faithfulness, how unreasonable to doubt him! The first sin in the world was that of disobedience, transgressing God's divine command; the greatest sin in the world to-day is disobedience, the violation of God's laws and of our Lord's commandments, to believe in Him and live. On the one hand we have the three Christian graces—belief in God, faith in God, and obedience to God; and springing from these all the spiritual blessings and privileges that render life useful, and good, and pure, with the assurance of an entrance into eternal life. While, on the other hand, we see unbelief, distrust, and disobedience, with all their gloomy train of evils that darken the soul and lead to death. As we think of these things, and see their sad results in the world around us, the example of faithful Abram comes across the span of so many centuries, and seems to ask us, with all the light of a fuller, more blessed, and wider revelation of God than he ever had, we can place ourselves by his side, and go out in obedience to God, "not knowing whether he went." Obedience that will reap the promise must be prompt—no halting between two opinions, no looking back, no attempting to serve two masters. If there is anything that God insists upon in this direction it is thoroughness. With Abram it was a clear cut away from all former fellowship with the ungodly world. Will God be satisfied with any less from us? Even Christ, our Lord, "learned obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. v: 8), and He is our Great Example.

III. The Covenant Promise to Abram. (Vs. 7-9.) It was a definite promise of great temporal blessings, and it was a literal title to a great inheritance—"To thy seed will I give this land." The several points to be emphasized in thought are, first, the temporal significance of these verses. The descendants of Abram were to enjoy the inalienable right and title to the land of Canaan. (Gen. xiii: 6.) It was to be theirs forever (Gen. xiii: 15); and yet, underlying this deep truth, we cannot fail to see, as we read (xv: 5), that there was the greater race of spiritual offspring who, by their faith, were to become the children of faithful Abram. The children of the Promise, the type; the children of Faith, the antitype. God's great purpose in thus calling out Abram to preserve a seed to give him honor and praise, to be a monument of his faithfulness and truth, finds its antithesis in the call of Christ's followers to be "the light of the world." The beginning of the Hebrew nation is like the beginning of the Christian Church. Both alike were founded on faith. Abram believed in God as a personal God. The Christian looks to Christ as a personal Saviour and Redeemer. Abram obeyed God and trusted him, receiving the promise. The Christian obeys his Lord, and leans upon him, and has Christ "abiding in him," and in brighter, clearer words he can read his title to a better inheritance, even an heavenly; "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" to "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," reserved in heaven for such as are kept by God through faith (abiding faith) unto salvation (I Pet. i: 4, 5).

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